

August

1924

The American Girl

The Girl Scout Laws

- I A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted
- II A Girl Scout is Loyal
- III A Girl Scout's Duty is to be Useful and to Help Others
- IV A Girl Scout is a Friend to All and a Sister to every other Girl Scout
- V A Girl Scout is Courteous
- VI A Girl Scout is a Friend to Animals
- VII A Girl Scout obeys Orders
- VIII A Girl Scout is Cheerful
- IX A Girl Scout is Thrifty
- X A Girl Scout is Clean in Thought, Word, and Deed





Good News for You!

*The most popular writers for girls
will have stories in The American
Girl in our next three issues*

Read This List---Here They Are

INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

JANE ABBOTT

ELSIE SINGMASTER

Jane Abbott's Latest and Best Serial

Yes, she has written it for us. It is called "Laughing Last" and what adventures the heroine "Sid" Romley does get into! Unknown relatives, smugglers, a mystery love story—yes, they are all in "Laughing Last." And the strangest part of it is that it really could happen!

A New Kind of House Party

This is what Inez Haynes Irwin has written about for us. You have never heard of a houseparty like it, we know. But when you read about it, you will wish to send out the invitations for one of your own, immediately.

Football Time Is Coming

Who doesn't cheer the Home High School Team at the Championship game? And who doesn't like football stories? Ralph Henry Barbour knows how to write the kind that make you hold your breath just the way you do

on the bleachers at the championship game. "Tubby Ware, Substitute" is a story like that.

Here is just one of the many thrilling moments in it:

"'Forty seconds left!' Tubby, his head in a whirl, his breath almost gone, was able to appreciate just one fact, which was that he had failed his team and his School. . . . His memory of what happened was never clear. He recollected launching his full weight forward. . . ."—But read for yourself this exciting football story in an early issue.

*What other Girl Scouts are doing---Puzzles---Party Ideas---Things
to make---Yes, we are planning these, too*

Our Special Summer Bargain
5 months for 50c. to any new subscriber

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Published at 189 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

A magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls who love Scouting

HELEN FERRIS, *Editor*

ALICE WALLER, *Business Manager*

Vol. VII

August, 1924

No. 8

Our August Contents

Art and Poetry

Cover Design	Edith Ballinger-Price	
Portrait of John Burroughs	Jessie Tarbox Beals	4
Waiting, <i>poem</i>	John Burroughs	4
I Wonder if You've Ever Dreamed	Alfred Noyes	42

Stories

Rusty Meets Keema, The Rattlesnake,	Edwin A. Osborne	5
Illustration by William Schnelle		
Argiope	Vernon Kellogg	7
The Patriot Maid (Serial)	Emilie Benson and Alden Arthur Knipe	11
Illustrations by Edith Ballinger Price		

Special Articles

A Letter from	Mary Roberts Rinehart	9
Camille Davied, Our Fashion Lady		16

Our Camera Contest Pictures

Pictures to which Awards Were Made	22-23
--	-------

Our Proficiency Badge Pages

Gloria, the Rambler (Flower Finder's Badge)	Dorothy Dean	14
Outdoor Cooking (Pioneer's Badge)		19

Dramatics

"Showing Neptune's Daughter"		10
Maybe This Girl Is You. An "American Girl" Stunt		24

Handicraft

Our Little Workshop in the Woods	18
--	----

Puzzles

Puzzle Jack's Puzzle Pack	21
-------------------------------------	----

Camera Contest "on the Air"

Broadcast through our Scribes' Corner	20
---	----

Other Pages of Interest

Earn-Your-Own Club	27
List of Wild Flowers to be Protected	31
Who's Who in THE AMERICAN GIRL	27
You Will Enjoy these Books	32
The Way in Scoutville	37
Along the Editor's Trail	42



*A Camera Contest Honorable Mention
From Ruth Cable, Troop 4, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.*

Four Reasons Why you will be sure to enjoy Our September Issue

1.
"The Patriot Maid" closes with a flourish.
Did Susan succeed in defending the treasure?
It tells in September!

2.
"When Prudence Drove the Car" is the story of a
girl who thoughtlessly harmed her father's business
prospects but who, by her courage—
It tells in September!

3.
Are you shy? Do you sometimes wonder what to
say when you are at parties? Caroline was like that
and she—
Watch September!

4.
A Radio Troop with a Radio Captain and mem-
bers in many states.
A true story. Read: "Girl Scouts listen in"
In September!

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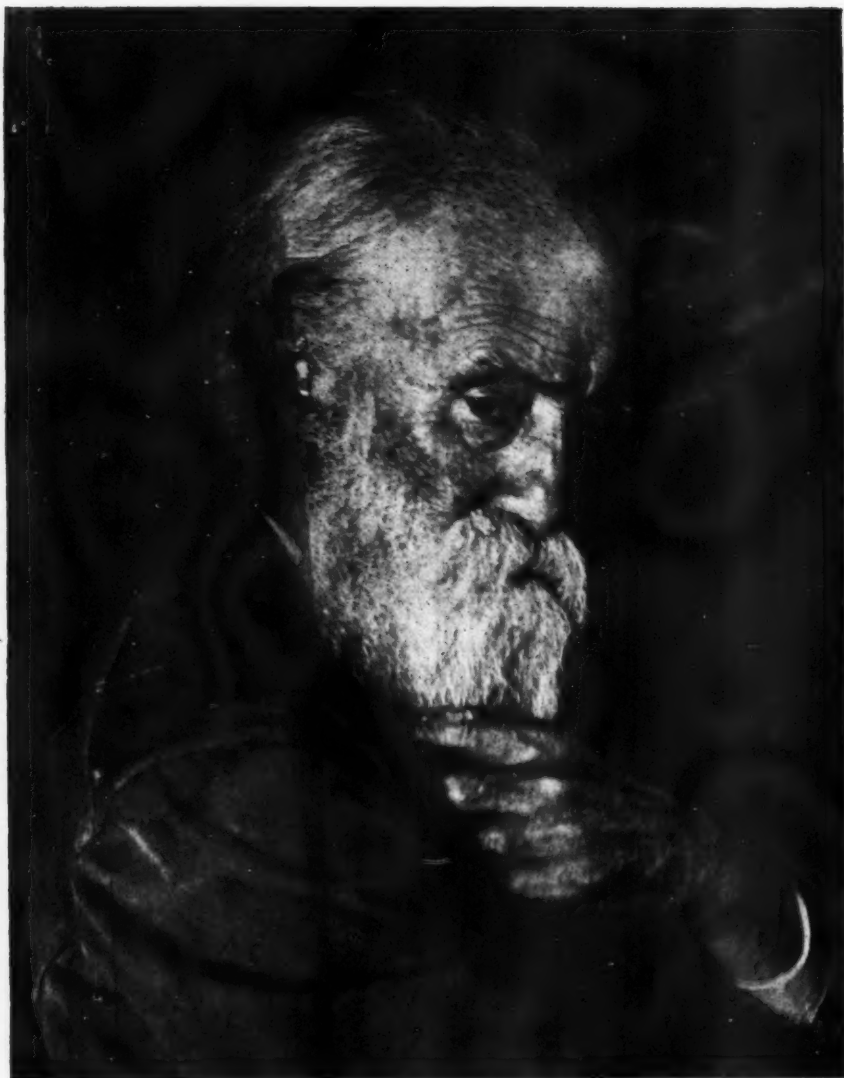
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*A portrait of John Burroughs by Jessie Tarbox Beals
awarded as first prize in our Camera Contest*

Waiting

By JOHN BURROUGHS

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars comes nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

From "LIGHT OF DAY."

Rusty Meets Keema, the Rattlesnake

An exciting Girl Scout story by a man personally acquainted with both Rusty and Keema

By EDWIN A. OSBORNE

Illustration by William Schnelle

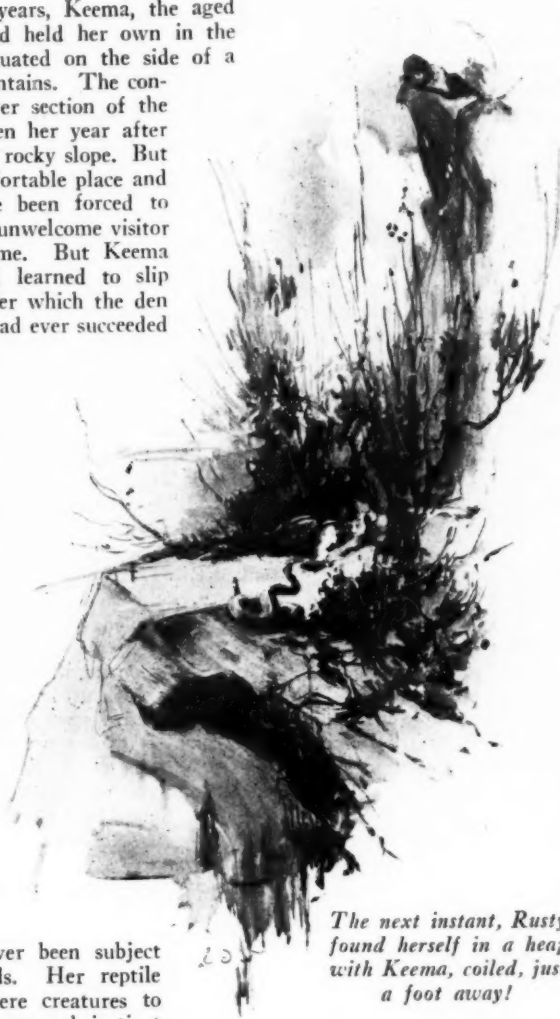
FOR seven consecutive years, Keema, the aged Timber Rattlesnake had held her own in the vicinity of her den, situated on the side of a high hill in the Ramapo Mountains. The constant development of the lower section of the hills for camp sites had driven her year after year higher and higher up the rocky slope. But at last she had located a comfortable place and not for seven years had she been forced to move again. Occasionally an unwelcome visitor ventured near her rustic home. But Keema through long experience had learned to slip silently into the boulders under which the den was located and thus no one had ever succeeded in getting even a glimpse of her.

This clear, warm morning she lay snugly coiled with her ten segmented rattles resting against her beautiful sulphur-colored body and the sun shining with its entire radiance upon her back.

Below her she could see the tiny white tents scattered about the sides of the valley which wound in serpentine formation a mile below. Here lived her most detested enemies—the summer campers who had been responsible for her moves from one place to another.

She loathed these human beings more than any other creature which inhabited the forest surrounding her home, although she had never been subject to any abuse at their hands. Her reptile mind told her that they were creatures to avoid and she accepted this natural instinct as authentic and abided by it. During the early part of her life, Keema had been a most active reptile. In five years she had sent more than three score young into the world to battle for their existence. In each of these young venomous creatures she had showed the same motherly interest. And when the last of them, with its tiny rattle dragging behind it, crawled off into the forest to begin its life alone, she set out in search of a new den for herself.

It was the place she now occupied that she had selected. Year after years she gazed upon various forms of animated creation about the woodlands. Animals, birds and insects moved about her continually. Occasionally she



The next instant, Rusty found herself in a heap with Keema, coiled, just a foot away!

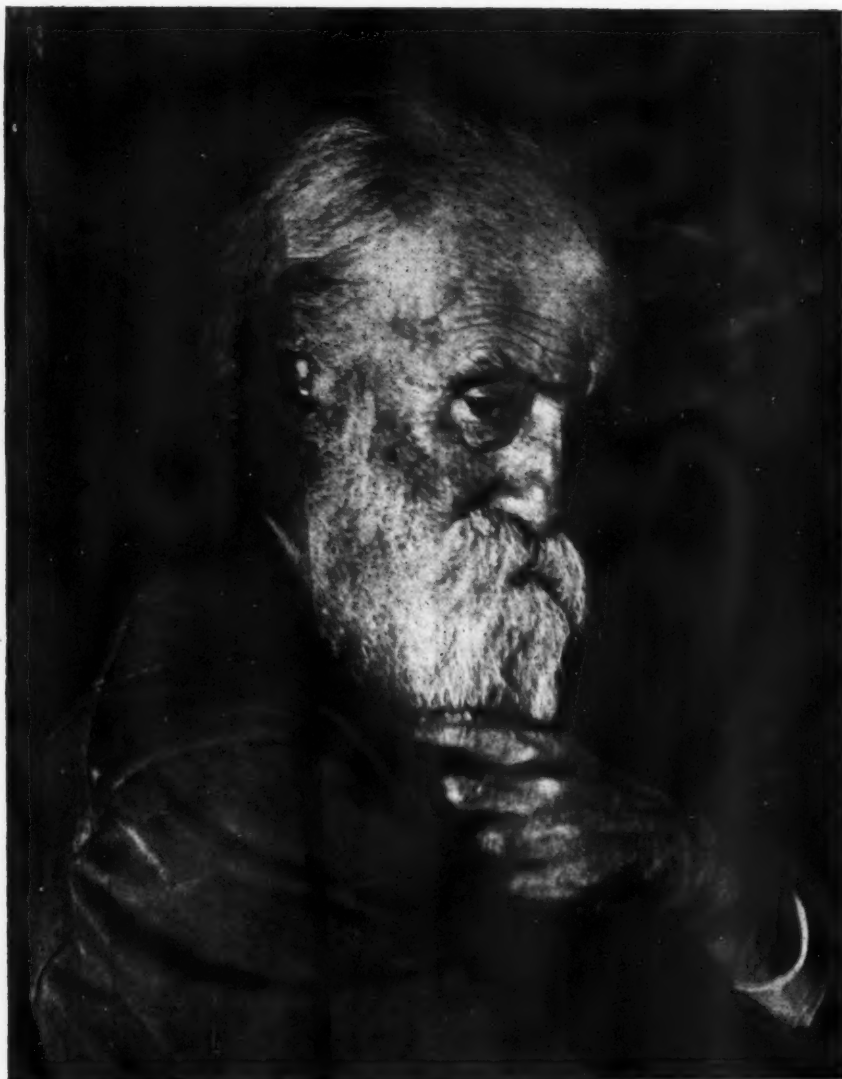
observed members of her own species—the Crotaline family, crawling about in search of food. But they never caused her the least disturbance nor questioned her right to occupy the most suitable den on the side of the entire hill. And so life for her had proven quite successful. She was entirely satisfied with it and could hope for nothing to improve it.

She had been sleeping for only a short period when she heard something approaching. It might have been a rabbit whose presence at this hour would be wholly welcome inasmuch as she had had nothing to eat since the previous day. Probably it was a bird or perhaps the old sly red fox who had his home under a mass of dead timber a few acres away. In any event it was coming rapidly.

Thus the head of Keema turned about quickly. Her body raised and her tongue, which had until this time remained quiet, moving with lightning swiftness. Suddenly she caught sight of the creatures. Human beings! The sworn enemies of the Crotaline family! So, although they were not half so vicious looking as the other campers who came up to the

spot where her den was located, Keema, as always when these creatures from the valley came near her home, quietly glided into the den.

If either Billy Mathews or Rusty Winters, patrol leaders of the best Girl Scout troop in Scarville had been informed that less than six yards from the spot where they were standing lived one of the largest rattlesnakes inhabiting the Ramapo Mountains, they would undoubtedly have lost no time in moving elsewhere. But no one appeared to convey this information to them. So, instead, not only did the two girls fail to go on their way, they unloaded their equipment and prepared to make the "surprise" for the rest of the troop.



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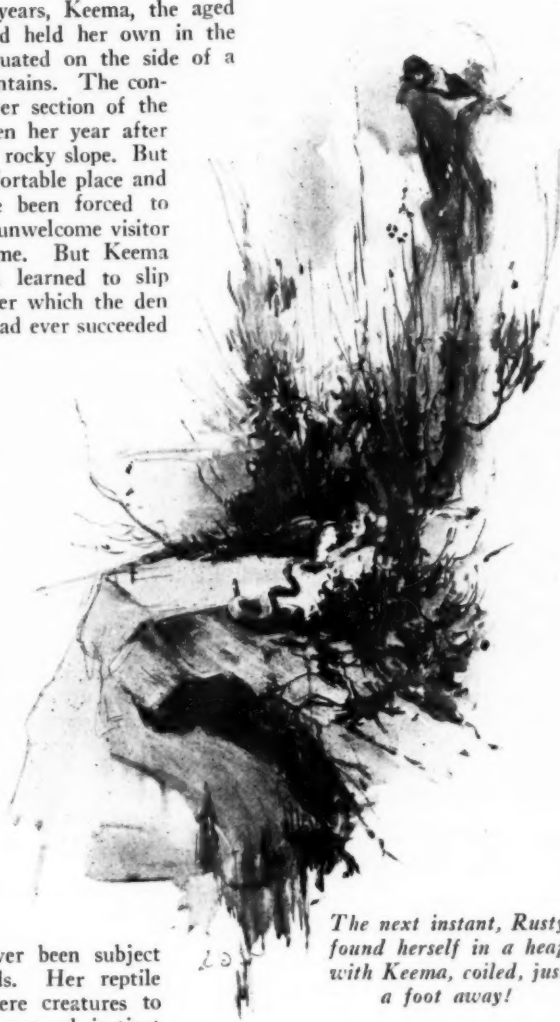
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A few yards from the huge boulders which formed the walls of Keema's den was a flat tract of ground, covered with soft green grass. In the early spring, Keema would glide about this grass and limber up her body which had become stiff from her long period of hibernation. And when she had completed her exercise, she would quietly proceed to the end of an old log where she knew field mice lived in large numbers. Her appetite was usually satisfied after a short wait, whereupon she would return to her den.

On this same grassy tract, the two Girl Scouts erected their tent and, a short time after, lighted a fire. For Billy and Rusty were part of a Treasure Hunt. Somewhat later in the afternoon, the rest of the troop would be there to eat the fudge which they were making. For the fudge was the "surprise" made at this spot which had been specially pointed out by their Captain, a short while before. Truth to tell, the Captain with several other Girl Scouts was even then just around a hillock, within easy call if the two Patrol Leaders should need help. But why should they need help? Couldn't they make the yummiest fudge you ever tasted? They could!

All this time, Keema remained in the den. She could hear the two girls as they moved about, a few yards away. And it angered her very much. But she had learned that the most advisable thing to do when her enemies were near was to remain quiet. Usually they departed after a short while, she had found, and she was not disturbed again until another intruder made his appearance. Thus she lay quietly inside the den, waiting for the noise of the girls' footsteps to cease, which would indicate that the girls had left the place. Once, to be sure, she cautiously thrust her head from the entrance of the den, but drew back at once when she saw the girls still there. They had by that time arrived at the "beating" stage, with the fudge.

The scenery from this vantage point was most picturesque, the girls decided. They marveled at it and wondered why the lovely green tract where they were had not been developed into a regular camping site.

"It would be an ideal place to spend the summer, I think," commented Billy, working away at the fudge.

"So do I. I wish we could spend a couple of weeks here," replied Rusty. "But it's really so far from civilization I hardly think one would care to stay for any length of time," she added. "I'm kind of glad Captain is so near, aren't you?"

"Well, I personally would never grow tired of a place like this. Look at that scenery! Have you ever seen anything like it?" exclaimed Billy.

"No. But—er—er do you suppose there are any snakes up here?" Rusty asked meekly.

"Snakes, snakes, snakes!" ejaculated Billy in an indignant tone. "That's all you're afraid of. What kind of Girl Scout are you, anyway? Every time you see a tiny garter snake, you throw a fit. Of course there are no snakes up here. How could they get here, anyway?" she concluded.

Rusty rambled here and there, stopping now and then to make her sketches in a small, leatherbound book which her father had given her for the purpose. Soon a beautiful red flower caught her eye, down the mountainside, just too far for her to be able to sketch it from the top.

Rusty made a quick survey of the situation. She must sketch the red flower. She had never seen one like it and it would be just the thing to help her with the badge. The slope was steep but down

near the flower was a large boulder against which Rusty decided she could lean while she made the sketch. Besides, there were numerous rocks along the way which would make a good foothold.

Rusty did not stop to think that the slope was so steep that the rocks might easily slide down taking her with them. She did not stop to think at all. She started down at once. For the first few feet she experienced no difficulty in lowering herself in the direction of the plant. Then something happened. Her foot gave way and the next instant she found herself lying in a heap of thorny bushes less than two feet from the edge of the mountain and with Keema, coiled in a most formidable position staring straight into her eyes, just a foot away!

The sudden descent of the girl had occurred so quickly that Keema, despite her dexterity at other times in escaping from these human beings whom she regarded as enemies, had been unable to make for the den. And to make matters more perplexing, Rusty had landed against its entrance!

For a moment the girl was too frightened to scream. She was even afraid to move for to shift her position would have resulted in falling from the ledge or else in irritating the rattlesnake to the extent of striking. Rusty tried to call but she found that her voice failed her. So she lay perfectly motionless hoping that eventually Keema would crawl away. But the rattlesnake was even more frightened than the girl. She worked her tongue in and out rapidly, her head raised above her body which was coiled in a most formidable fighting position. Then suddenly she began to vibrate the rattle which she had failed to use for so long a time.

At this Rusty sent forth a frightened call that at once brought Billy to the top of the slope.

"Rusty! What has happened?" cried Billy anxiously. "Something terrible. Oh, get me up out of here!" replied Rusty, weakly.

Rusty could say no more. Her entire attention was concentrated upon Keema and every move made by the snake. The girl was pale and trembling. She expected that at any moment the ugly head of the reptile would dart forward and bury its fangs in her arm.

Then she heard some one moving above. "All right, Rusty girl," a calm voice called. The Captain! And the rest of the troop! Rusty bit her lip in relief. She wouldn't be a baby and cry now. No, she wouldn't.

A rope dropped part way down the slope. The Captain looked down. "It's too short, Billy," she said. "Tie mine to yours."

In a moment a longer rope dropped almost to Keema. "Don't," shrieked Rusty. "Don't. You mustn't."

"What's the matter?" asked Billy.

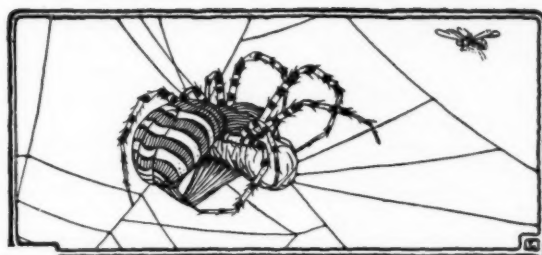
"A rattlesnake," replied Rusty in an echo of a voice. The rope was hastily drawn up again. The Captain and the troop considered. A rattlesnake was near Rusty. How terrible! Something must be done and done quickly. But what could it be? Evidently Rusty was afraid that the dangling rope would irritate the snake.

Just then, a man came running up. "I'm camping down the trail," he said. "And I heard one of your girls yell something fierce. What is it? Can I help?"

The Captain led the man to the edge of the mountain. "One of my girls has fallen," she explained hurriedly. "And she says there's a rattlesnake. Yes! Look! You can see it. Heavens! It's coiled right by her."

(Continued on page 25)





Argiope of the Silver Shield

By VERNON KELLOGG

ARGIOPE of the Silver Shield is the handsomest spider that Mary and I know. Do you know a handsomer? Or are you of those who have prejudices, and hold all spiders to be ugly, hateful things? We are so sorry for you if you are, for that means you can never enjoy having a pet Argiope. The truth is, Mary and I like clever and skillful people, but when we can't find that kind, we rather prefer clever and skillful spiders and wasps or other lowly beasts to the other sort of people, which shows just how far a fancy for nature may lead one.

It is rather bad, of course, to prefer to chum with a spider, even such a wonderfully handsome and clever one as Argiope, instead of with a human soul. But that isn't our situation exactly. We prefer human souls to anything else on earth, but not human stomachs and livers and human bones and muscles and sick human nerves. And, someway, too many people leave on one an impression of bowels or sore eyes rather than one of mind and soul. So we rush to the fields or woods or roads after such an experience and live a while with the keen bright eyes, the sensitive feelers, the dexterous feet and claws and teeth, and the sharp wits of the small folk who, while not human, are nevertheless inhabitants and possessors of this earth, side by side with us, and are truly our blood-cousins, though some incredible number of generations removed.

Mary and I scraped acquaintance with our Argiope in a cypress-tree. That is, Argiope had her abiding-place there; she was there on her great symmetrical orb-web, with its long strong foundation lines, its delicate radii and its many circles with their thousands of tiny drops of viscid stuff to make them sticky. In the center was the hub, her resting-place, whence the radii ran out, and where she had spun a broad zigzaggy band of white silk on which she stood or sat head downward. Her eight long, slender, sensitive legs were outstretched and rested by their tips lightly on the bases of the taut radii so that they could feel the slightest disturbance in the web. These many radii, besides supporting the sticky circles or spiral, which was the real catching part of the web, acted like so many telegraph lines to carry news of the catching to waiting Argiope at the center.

I have said that Mary and I think Argiope of the Silver Shield the most handsome spider we know. There are, however, other Argiopes to dispute the glory with our favorite; for example, a golden-yellow-and-black one and another beautiful silver-and-russet one. Other people, too, may fancy other spiders; perhaps the little pink-

and-white crab-spiders of the flower-cups, or the curious spiny Acrosomas and Gasteracanthas with their brilliant colors and bizarre patterns and shape. Others may like the strawberry Epeira, or the diadem-spider, or the beautiful Nephilas. There are enough kinds and colors and shapes of spiders to satisfy all tastes. But we like best and admire most the long-legged, agile, graceful Argiopes, and particularly her of the silver shield. Her full, firm body with its flat, shield-shaped back, all shining silver and crossed by staring black-and-yellow stripes, the long tapering legs softly ringed with brown and yellow, the shining black eyes on their little rounded hillock of a forehead, and the broad, brown underbody with eight circular silver spots; all go to make our Argiope a richly dressed and stately queen of spiders. But the royal consort—O, the less said of him, the better. A veritable dwarf; insignificant, inconspicuous and afraid for his life of his glorious mate. How such a queen could ever—but there, how tiresome, for that is what gets said of most matches, royal or plebeian.

Mary and I brought Argiope in from her home in the cypress tree and put her in a fine, roomy, light and airy cage, where she could live quietly and unmolested by enemies, and where we could see to it that she should not lack for food. There are many of the small creatures with which we get acquainted that do not object at all to being brought into our well-lighted, well-ventilated, warm vivarium—that means live-room. Creatures of sedentary habits, and all the web-making spiders are of course that, ought not to object at all and usually do not seem to. For they get two things that they cannot be sure of outside: protection and plenty of food. Argiope seemed perfectly content and settled right down to spinning a glistening new web, a marvel of symmetry and skillful construction, in her roomy cage, and in a day or two was seated quietly but watchfully on the broad-banded hub in the center, with her toes on her telegraph lines, ready for good news. It was, of course, our duty to see that she was not disappointed.

The message she wanted was from some struggling fly fastened anywhere in the broad expanse of web. So we tossed in a fly. It buzzed about a moment, then blundered into the web which it shook violently in its struggle to escape. Argiope rushed at once out upon the web.

"How can she run about on the sticky web without getting caught, too?" interrupts Mary.

I think a moment, then with some dignity reply: "Pretty soon, please, Mary."

Argiope, I repeat, rushed at once out upon the web,

seized the fly in her jaws and ran back to the hub with it, where she appeared to wet it all over, squeeze it into a ball and then proceed to feed upon it, holding and manipulating it skillfully all the time in her jaws. Evidently *Argiope* was very hungry, for as you will see, this is not her usual way of taking care of her prey.

"Now, Mary, what was it you asked?"

"Oh, just how the spider can run around so fast on the web without sticking to it and getting caught or tearing it all to pieces."

"Ah,—ah, yes. Well, Mary, I don't know! that is, exactly; or, well not even very close to exactly. But she does it, you see."

"Yes, I see," said Mary, demurely, and—can it be that Mary is slightly winking one eye? I do hope not.

"Of course you know, Mary, that the web is made of two kinds of silk or rather two kinds of lines? Oh, you didn't know?" Mary has shaken her head.

"Well, it is," I continue, with my usual manner of teacher-who-knows somewhat restored again.

"The foundation lines, the radii and a first set of circles are all made of lines without any sticky stuff on them. As you see"—and I touch my pencil confidently to a radius, with the manner of a parlor magician. "Then the spider, on this foundation, spins in another long spiral, the present circles of the web, which is liberally supplied with tiny, shining droplets of viscid silk that never dries, but stays moist and very sticky all the time. This is the true catching part of the web."

"We surely must watch her spin a web sometime," breaks in eager Mary.

"We certainly must," say I, and continue. "Now perhaps when *Argiope* runs out on the web from her watching-place at the hub, she only puts her long delicate feet on the unsticky radii. Or perhaps her feet are made in some peculiar way so that they do not stick to the circles. As a matter of fact, a spider's foot is remarkably fashioned, with curious toothed claws, and hosts of odd hairs, some knobbed, some curved and hook-like, and some forming dense little brushes. But after all, Mary, the truth is, I don't know really how it is that spiders can run about over their webs without getting stuck to them."

After my long discours about web-making and spider's feet, it seemed time to give *Argiope* another fly. Indeed her bright little black eyes seemed to Mary to be shining with eagerness for more fly, although she still had the remains of the first one in her jaws,—gracious, *Argiope's* jaws, please, not Mary's!

So we tossed in another fly. We hope you won't think this cruel. But flies are what *Argiope* eats, and if she was out in the garden, she would be catching them, and what is worse, they would not be the disgusting and dangerous house-flies and blue-bottles that we feed her, but all sorts of innocent and beautiful little picture-winged flower-flies and pomace-flies and what not. House-flies and stable-flies and blue-bottles are truly dangerous because they help spread human diseases, especially typhoid fever. So if we are to live safely they should be killed. Or, better, prevented from hatching and growing at all.

So we tossed in another fly. *Argiope* immediately dropped the nearly finished first fly into the web, ran out to the new one and pounced on it, seizing it with her fore legs. Then she doubled her abdomen quickly underneath her and there issued from the spinnerets at its tip a jet, a flat jet of silk, which was caught up by the hind feet and wrapped around the fly as it was rolled over and over by the front feet. She tumbled it about, all the time wrapping it with the issuing band of silk, until it was completely ensnared. Then she left it fastened in the web, went back to the hub, and resumed her feeding on the first fly. But soon she finished this entirely, dropped the wreck out of the web and went out and got the second fly, bringing it back to the hub to eat.

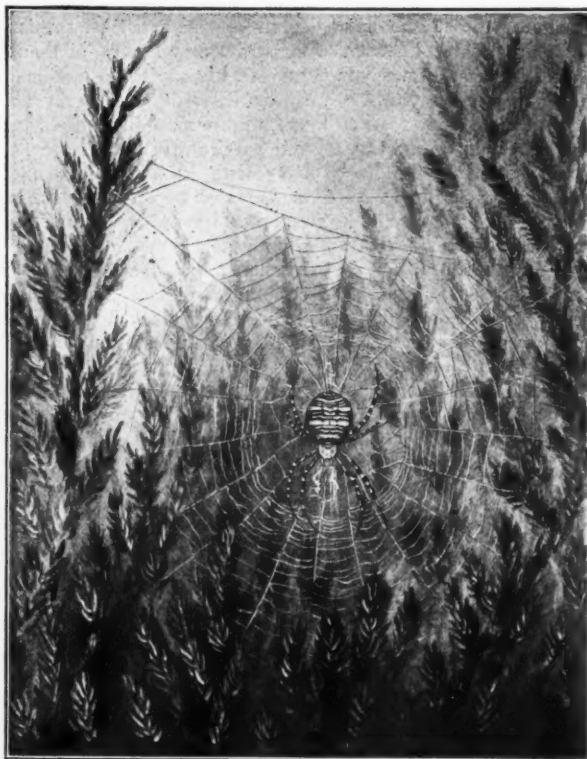
"But why," asked Mary, "does *Argiope* wrap the fly up so carefully in silk? Why not just kill it by biting, and then leave it in the web until she wants it?"

"Perhaps," I answer, "she wants to make it helpless before she comes to close quarters with it. You notice she holds it away from her body with her fore feet and pulls the silk band out far with her hind feet so that her body does not touch the fly at all while she wraps it. Perhaps she is not sure that it isn't a bee or

some other stinging insect. It buzzes loud enough to make me think it a bee."

So Mary and I decided to try some experiments with our *Argiope* to find out, if possible, first, if she could tell a bee from a fly, and second, if so, whether she treated it differently, and third, why she wraps her prey up so carefully before coming to too close quarters with it. We feel quite proud of these experiments because we seemed to be doing something really scientific; and we know that Experimental Zoology, that is, studying animals by experimenting with them, is quite the most scientific thing going nowadays among professional naturalists. So

(Continued on page 34)



The message she wanted was from some struggling fly in the broad expanse of web

From

Mary Roberts Rinehart

National Campaign Chairman

*To your Commissioner, your Captain, your Father
and Mother, and every friend of Scouting*

I BELIEVE that every one who is familiar with the working of the minds of girls cannot fail to recognize how quickly they respond to ideals. They dream dreams, not of success, but of happiness. They look up rather than out.

Almost against my better judgment because of many other obligations, I have been persuaded to help the National Council to realize a dream several years old—that some day there might be a building owned by and dedicated to American Girlhood.

My acceptance of the National Chairmanship of the campaign soon to be inaugurated for securing approximately \$500,000 for a new National Headquarters building, as well as to finance the National Budget for 1925, was influenced largely by the many assurances of help without which I would hardly have been brave enough to tackle the task.

One of the most touching demonstrations of loyalty and belief in the project was the voluntary pledging of the sixty employees of the National Headquarters, of their personal contributions. This, my friends, was a challenge I could not refuse.

Some of you have already heard something of the plans being prepared and while they are still too embryonic to go into in detail here, I wish to announce the names of those who are to be associated with me in this enterprise, which will mark a new step of tremendous significance—one upon which the entire future of the Girl Scout movement depends.

I have succeeded in persuading Mrs. V. Everit Macy, Mrs. Arthur O. Choate, Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, Mrs. Leo Arnstein, Mrs. Julius Rosenwald, Mrs. Julius H. Barnes, Mrs. Herbert I. Pratt and Mrs. M. E. Olmsted to serve on the National Executive Committee. I am particularly happy to announce that Mr. Charles E. Mitchell, President of the National City Bank, will serve as National Treasurer. Wayne A. Sarcka is Campaign Director.

The plans of the campaign are most simple. All of the communities where Girl Scouting is known will be asked to buy "building bricks" in the new building. The bricks will cost \$10 each. We are asking local council members and other volunteers who are willing to help, to sell approximately 60,000 bricks. This is not a difficult task but the fund realized will be commensurate with our needs.

Through the generosity of the National Executive Board, one-fifth of the total fund of \$500,000 has been contributed by Board members personally. New York City is prepared to challenge the rest of the country on a two-to-one-basis, agreeing to sell two bricks to every one sold elsewhere.



One of America's most widely known and enjoyed writers, a camper, a mountain climber, a charming hostess, and now our own National Campaign Chairman—such is the charming and versatile Mary Roberts Rinehart

By virtue of the fact that the gifts of the Executive Board represent several cities, it has been decided to distribute that \$100,000 as credit to the councils demonstrating the finest spirit of Girl Scout co-operation. A large bronze plaque placed in a prominent position in our new home will be suitably inscribed with the names of the local councils that sell their full allotment of bricks to make the building possible.

Soon each council will be invited to sell a certain number of building bricks, that number to be determined by several factors to be worked out very carefully.

While the actual organizing activity will not begin until September, I personally believe in a running start, and I therefore urge you all at this time to begin securing verbal or written promises of larger contributions. Pledge cards and a descriptive folder entitled "A Building for American Girlhood," have already been printed. Send to Headquarters and a generous supply of this material will be forwarded to you promptly.

In the lives of individuals there are moments fraught with great significance, moments upon which great possibilities depend. Such a time has arrived in your life and mine. This campaign presents an unusual opportunity for the Girl Scouts of our country. The eyes of the public will be focused upon us. There can be no doubt as to the seriousness back of this enterprise. We need your help to build a building for American Girlhood.

As your leader for the next few months I do not need to urge your co-operation. Your share in this, our common cause, will be inspired by Girl Scout ideals and devotion to duty whether it be for home, community, country or civilization.

"Showing Neptune's Daughter"

A Water Pageant

AS you know, Neptune is Commodore W. E. Long-fellow of the American Red Cross Life Saving Service. And this month Neptune says:

"Give a Water Pageant in your camp this summer. It is great fun. Here is one especially arranged for the Girl Scouts from the pageant which I have given in many states, "Showing Neptune." For the Girl Scouts it is naturally called, "Showing Neptune's Daughter." It was first produced for you by Mrs. Cecelia P. Deubig of the Life Saving Service and presented at Camp Bonnie Brae, the Springfield Girl Scouts' Camp. I hope that you will all try it and enjoy it as much as did the Scouts of Bonnie Brae. Give it as well as they did, too!"

The Pageant

A swimmer who is Aphrodite swims out to the diving float and disappears behind a screen of branches and leaves which has been prepared thereon. On the float behind



the screen, she dons the costume which has been left there previously—a thin, sea-green garment of irregular length and cut in points, secured by a girdle of slender vines and leaves. A wreath

of leaves is placed upon her head, with streamers and trailing ends of vines. She carries Neptune's trident, as a symbol of his court.

She enters the water noiselessly behind the screen, and swims a short distance under water, appearing suddenly before the audience, trident appearing first in upstretched arm. She swims in toward shore and stands in knee-deep water to address the audience.

APHRODITE: Hail, Mortals! I bring the greeting of my father, Neptune, to ye. Even in our home at the bottom of the sea, we have heard rumors of the swimmers of your camp. So I have come to investigate these rumors and to learn by what right ye claim this part of Neptune's kingdom (give name of your lake), for your own! What have ye to show me that will prove your camp swimming program worthy of its setting?

A camper comes forward from the audience, answering Aphrodite.

CAMPER: Hail, fair Aphrodite! We welcome you to Camp — (Give name of your camp). We would not dare usurp the rights of Neptune's children, only that we believe our swimmers worthy of his approval. For instance, we have *Swimming for Health!*

APHRODITE: Swimming for health. No one could deny that mortals have a right to swim for health. It sounds most interesting. I shall be pleased to see ye swim for health.

The camper calls and beckons for her squad of sixteen girls. They walk into the water in ranks of four, four deep, to waist depth. Here they perform the arm motions of the breast stroke as setting up exercises. At a signal, they swim breast stroke to a given point, where they break ranks and swim side stroke single file until the signal. Here they turn and swim back stroke, single file, then overarm in ranks again, back to the original starting place. They then leave the water.

APHRODITE: Verily, swimming for health seems to be effective, for these are indeed healthy looking mortals. I am sure Neptune, my father, would approve of this swimming for health. Do ye swim for any other purpose here?

Another camper comes forth.

SECOND CAMPER: Ah, fair Aphrodite, at Camp — we believe in Safety First. To comply with our motto "Be Prepared," we have *Swimming for Safety*.

APHRODITE: Now this indeed sounds engaging. My uncle, Davy Jones, has heard rumors of this swimming for safety and he much laments the decrease in the number of applications for entrance to his locker at the bottom of the sea, which has resulted. Yes, indeed, I should like to see how mortals swim for safety.

The second camper calls her squad of life-savers, numbering ten. Two additional girls have been out in the patrol boat all during this time. Two boats are beached ready for use, equipped with paddles or oars. The boats are one on each side of the pier. Five girls get in position to man each boat. The two girls in the patrol boat leap into the water, far out from shore. This

(Continued on page 36)

The big man
blew on his tin-
der, lit his trash,
and essayed a
quick dash



Our serial so far

SUSAN BREAKFASTS' DONNE is the heroine of our story and is herself the Patriot Maid. She lives in Colonial times. And is at present on her grandparents' farm. Although she is but fourteen years old, her grandparents have been forced to leave her alone. The nearest neighbors, the Allens, are unfriendly. The enemy Hessians may invade the farm any day. Susan, left alone, is visited by Mr. Allen who insists on paying a debt he owes her grandfather. Susan learns that he has given her the money only because the Hessians are coming and will surely steal it. Mr. Allen goes. Susan is desperate. She does not know where to hide the coin. In the midst of her despair, she finds Mr. Allen's boy and girl, Alexander and Phoebe, beside the bee house. They wail the dreadful news that the Hessians are approaching. Suddenly, Susan has an inspiration. "Stay with me and I can save us all," she says.

V

"You say 'twas accident you discovered it the other time and that 'twas nightfall ere any could enter the house?" asked Alexander who had listened eagerly to all Susan Breakfasts had to tell him and who was now almost convinced.

"'Tis true every word," Susan Breakfasts assured him.

"Then I'll help you," he cried, his courage quite recovered.

"We must build a fire that will burn a long time. Green wood will be best. I will lay it and bring in the

A Patriot Maid

With "valuable treasure that must be hidden and the enemy approaching, Susan faces a dire situation

By EMILIE BENSON

and

ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Illustrations by Edith Ballinger Price

faggots and do you make ready the honey."

Once he saw that Susan's idea might, indeed, prove successful and now that he had hope of salvation from the Hessians, whom in truth he had cause enough to dread, Alexander's help and companionship were alike invaluable to Susan Breakfasts bracing her for a task which was great even for three sturdy young people such as they.

Phoebe, however, did her part as it seemed mechanically. What she was told to do she did slowly and painstakingly, but she suggested naught. Plainly the shock she had suffered in seeing their home in flames was greater than she could bear.

Susan Breakfasts was everywhere at once. She it was who knew where everything was kept and who became Captain of the defense, issuing orders and seeing to it that they were obeyed. Her fear of the Allens gone for all time, even as Cyrus Midden had predicted it would be should she discover that they were not fearless.

"We will smear honey over all the tins, and around the doors and windows," Susan Breakfasts explained as she worked. "Then we will set the pots of comb to melt and last of all, after opening everything, dash up to my room and shut ourselves in. 'Tis good our bees are not kept in a proper bee-shed, but in my grandmother's summer kitchen, with a door thence into the house. 'Tis true they came before, even from the orchard where their hives were then set; but it took longer than this will."

Excitedly and rapidly they worked. Two great iron kettles were swung over the fire and at last all was ready for the Hessians' reception.

"I wonder are they not coming after all?" Susan Breakfasts asked. "I shall run upstairs to look from the east window to see what I can see." She felt her plans to be so perfect that she would almost have been dis-

appointed to think the enemy were not to test them.

A moment later she came down looking grave indeed.

"What did you see?" Alexander asked her.

"I saw smoke—in more than one place," she told him. "Perchance, Alexander, you two might be safer if you went into the woods."

"And you?" Alexander looked at her, to conceive a sudden admiration for Susan Breakfasts as she shook her head. "We could carry the money—or most of it," he suggested.

"'Tis this house I am thinking of now," the girl explained. "I must stay and try to save it, too. Even the Hessians are not heathen savages, and if I show myself at the window I scarce believe they will put it to the torch and me with it. You see 'tis bad enough for you, but what would my grandmother do if we had no roof for Uncle Ira and he with two legs broken?"

"I'm sorry I told that man about the money," Alexander faltered, "and I'll not leave you alone. Whatever happens will happen to all of us."

After that Susan Breakfasts could not go on disliking Alexander, and they worked together tirelessly, elaborating the plans she had made in several ways.

They had already closed all outer doors and windows. Now they took food and water upstairs. The kitten also was shut above, while the large pot of honey was set on the top step ready to be spilled over the stairway ere, in their retreat, they bolted the door at the head of it.

At last, from the post of observation at the east window, Alexander called down with a note of excitement in his voice, "They're coming, I think. The crows are rising over Pollock's woods and cawing angrily."



*Alexander spilt
the great pot of
honey over the
stairs*

"Then hasten and help me with the rest of the honey." Alexander clattered down the stair and looked to his fire with an anxious air. Then the great pots they had set to get the benefit of the blaze were stirred and more comb added. The curious, sweetish odor which already flooded the air was explained, as was the angry hum from beyond the door into the outhouse. Twilight seemed to have come of a sudden into the kitchen, where the windows were darkened, their small panes obscured by the swarms that were lighting them outside. A few bees found their way into the room either through key-holes or cracks, where they quickly made free with the sticky feast spread for them, thus offering the best of evidence of what was to be expected from the myriads who were crawling over each other in their eagerness to discover an entrance.

"We dare not open the window now," Susan Breakfasts looked anxiously at the multitude of bees without, "but I think 'twill serve if you throw wide the door to the yard, while Phoebe opens the back door and I do the like by mine; then if we spill the big one over the stair we will have done all that we can."

Alexander ran up for a last observation of the countryside.

"The time has come!" he cried as he hurried down again, taking the steps two at a time. "I saw the brass plates on their caps flashing in the sun as the soldiers broke cover. They're scarce half a mile away at the foot of the hill."

The three ran to their appointed places, the pots were kicked over, the doors thrown wide and then all made for the stairs, hustling each other in their haste. Had the bees come in anger, Susan and Phoebe and Alexander could not have escaped unstung; but the little creatures were in search of the honey they had scented and paid no attention to aught else.

Back of their bolted door the girls and the boy exchanged triumphant glances and even Phoebe seemed heartened as they listened, with ears to the cracks to a buzzing that rose at times to a roar.

"I knew not that there were so many bees in the world," cried Alexander in amazement.

"Grandfather hath more than twenty hives. Gilly Martin's father hath ten. There are three at Duncans. Many others have a few, and with such a feast spread for them all the wildlings in the country will come to the party," Susan Breakfasts laughed.

"Here also come the Hessians," Alexander announced, looking from the window.

The soldiers ran forward eagerly with no pretense of military order. Each was desirous of outfooting the others and securing first choice of the expected plunder. The open door invited them; but none passed the threshold. Never before had the bees found such bounty, and they were bent upon guarding it. The first man who drew too close was set upon by swarms. He tried to beat them off and retreated toward his company who were mystified by his precipitate retirement. But they were not left long in doubt of its cause, for the bees were among them and there followed a scene that beggars description. Men ran hither and yon, brushing at the myriads of black insects, who flew after them angrily wherever they fled.

"My grandfather said truly that his black bees were relentless once they were aroused," Susan Breakfasts cried. "Look at that great oaf with his head in the horse trough! He will drown unless he hath a care. He but

raises up for a moment to splash in again."

"Yon lusty lout, with his cap before his face, hath the grace of a dancing bear as he jigs from one foot to the other."

"Well may he hop," Susan Breakfasts interrupted Alexander. "His legs are smothered in bees."

"Look you at the man who hath plastered himself with mud. I know not whether it makes him more fearsome or not." Phoebe spoke tremblingly.

"He's not fearsome. He's a figure of fun, and reminds us of naught so much as of Porky, our spotted pig," Susan Breakfasts replied.

In fact it was a spectacle that amused the three vastly and went far to prove that their plans were well laid. Finally the men drew off still further and held a consultation. Then there was a general scurrying around to find fuel, and Alexander turned to Susan Breakfasts with renewed anxiety.

"Think you they are preparing to fire the house?"

"Without plundering it first?" the girl spoke scornfully. "Nay, I fancy they mean to try to smoke out the bees. I would we had dared to open the windows as we first purposed. 'Twould make their task more difficult."

"I did open the bedroom window when I placed the honey there. I thought you told me to," Phoebe said, and felt rewarded when Susan Breakfasts nodded her approval.

"That will be a help," she told her. "Many's the time I've heard Grandmother say, no rush light would keep alight in our kitchen with that window open. You'll see. With the wind in this quarter the smoke will blow away from the kitchen, not into it."

The Hessians, their pile of material gathered, now seemed to be at odds as to who was to occupy the post of danger and carry it near enough to the house to be useful. Scarce one of the party but had felt the black bees' stings, and there was loud discussion, beating of breasts and evident negation of orders. Seemingly there was no officer in the group to enforce authority, all such probably preferring to stay in the town where the pickings afforded promised to be richer than among the outlying farms. Finally, however, a decision to draw lots was arrived at and Susan and Phoebe and Alexander watched breathlessly while sticks were broken into varying lengths to be thrown into one of the great grenadier caps. The soldiers crowded close to this, thrusting out hairy hands to test their luck, and almost at once a rough shout went up.

"The great fat one and the little one whose sword looks far too long for him must carry the fire," Phoebe announced. "Away from the others I should not fear the little one. He hath a face like to a baby about to cry."

"The fat one assuredly hath the longer legs," Alexander averred, taking his turn at peering out.

Amid some laughter and jeers from their comrades



Could Susan

and Phoebe and Alexander be saved with the house set on fire? And would the enemy have pity? You will find the answers to these questions in the next installment of "A Patriot Maid", which is the last

these two unfortunates came onward slowly. At forty paces the big man blew on his tinder, lit his bundle of trash and assayed a quick dash to the doorway to throw it inside the kitchen. He had covered scarce half his distance when he fell back, blinded by the bees who were still angry and alert.

The smaller man had other plans. He unbuckled his sword and laid it aside, tucked up the long skirts of his coat to display his little bow legs, and advanced slowly and circumspectly, his cap held over his face leaving him only a slit to see through. He got within ten paces of the house;

but he had failed to light his smudge, and the instant he paused to do that he too fell a victim to the watchful bees. He stood his ground for a moment, only to be forced to beat a retreat vainly trying to brush away the dark cloud that hung around him.

Plainly, to the Hessians, the house now seemed impregnable. Nightfall alone would make its sacking possible, and there were no volunteers to take the places of the vanquished two. Moreover it soon became evident that a soldier coming from the wood at the double had been sent to recall the raiding party.

"Oh, Alexander, we are saved," Susan Breakfasts exclaimed, but she rejoiced too soon.

The Hessians in haste spread through the farmyard, intending to rest content with its contents; but as they came upon the empty cow-barn and pig-sty, and saw even the chicken coops vacated by the fat hens and chicks that had lived there but a few days earlier, their disappointment stirred them to anger and they cast vengeful glances toward the house itself. A moment later they gathered, well nigh empty-handed, at the woodpile and began to select fat pitch pine sticks, calculated to make a quick blaze.

Phoebe, unable to bear this sight after all she had been through, ran over to the bed, to kneel beside it and bury her face in the patchwork coverlet.

"'Tis what they did at our home," explained Alexander with a sharp intake of his breath. "They mean to burn us out!" Naturally the boy's terror redoubled, but he held himself well in hand.

"They don't know yet that we are here," Susan Breakfasts murmured comfortingly. "But is it best that we show ourselves? Perchance, if they are in haste, they will make off before the place is fully alight and we will be able to put out the blaze."

"I see small use of running such a risk," Alexander declared. "They can't get at us, as you know. I'm almost more afraid of the bees than I am of them when once we open this window."

The Hessians had kindled their brands and approached as near as they dared to the house preparatory to throwing these through the doorways or windows. There were

(Continued on page 31)



This picture of Jack-in-the Pulpit was taken by Gertrude J. Bishop, Troop 1 of St. Louis, Missouri

DO dreams come true? Of course they do, if they are the kind of dreams that bring more beauty and joy into this old world of ours; for there are fairies, living in the air all around us, who are ready to help us to realize our dreams of true happiness.

In the quiet places of the fields and woodlands, we may almost hear the flutter of the whispering fairy wings, and if we listen very carefully as we go along the trail, we may even catch their message from the birds, butterflies, flowers and the countless other folk, who make our forests the dwelling place of fairies.

Would you like to hear of one Girl Scout whose dream is coming true?

Gloria, a second class Scout, fifteen years old, loved the sunny, blue sky, the deep woods, and every living creature and blossom in the fields. Her cup of happiness was full when she was chosen to represent the Scouts of her town at Camp Andree. There she would meet her Scout sisters from all parts of the country. She would live in a tent and perhaps some nights she would sleep on the ground under the stars! Great was her anticipation, but greater still the happiness of realization, when at last she arrived at camp.

She joined the Ramblers' Club (which is the new name given to the nature lore club) and revelled in exploring the treasure hills of Briarcliff. Early morning bird walks, before the first rays of sunlight streaked the eastern sky, rewarded the Ramblers with the songs of waking birds—the thrilling, merry wrens, the cherry warblers, and the clear, sweet notes of the wood thrush, or bell bird!

Star gazing evenings were most popular, not merely because those who gazed were permitted to stay up an hour longer than the other campers, but for the sense of safety and deep satisfaction which comes to those who make friends of the stars and planets, as they keep their silent vigil over the camp.

One day early in the season, the Ramblers set out in quest of the haunts of wild flowers and ferns. They followed their nature guide over brooks and open meadows, up rocky cliffs and through dark forests. On

Gloria, the Rambler

Do you, too, know these wild flower friends of Gloria's?

By DOROTHY DEAN

through fern-lined trails they wandered to a woodsy pine grove.

Here the Ramblers paused in silent admiration, for there in the heart of the forest beneath the shadows of the tall pine trees, grew a flower of exquisite, purest white, standing about twelve inches above the carpet of pine needles. Its three glistening, waxy petals and green sepals were set like a gem in the center of three beautiful, glossy leaves, and shone out like Nature's own symbol of the three-fold Scout promise. It was the white trillium, or large-flowered Wake-Robin, which, to John Burroughs, always marks the return of the birds.

In her eagerness, Gloria rushed forward to pick the flower, but the guide stayed her hand just as she was about to remove the blossom.

And as she held Gloria's hand, the leader decided that the time had come to tell the girls the fascinating plans for our new Scout Rambler's badge. So the Ramblers sat down on the soft pine needle carpet, in a circle around the white Wake-Robin. A shaft of sunlight found its way through the interwoven branches overhead, down to the radiant flower, making it even lovelier.

As Gloria listened, it seemed to her that she had suddenly discovered a new way to enjoy her rambles through the woods. Her old fun of picking one of every flower she could find seemed selfish beside leaving them all for the next wanderer along the trail. And Girl Scouts everywhere, so the leader said, are now finding this new joy

in the woods, the joy of protecting our wild flower friends, of leaving them in their own homes where they are happiest. Gloria was very quiet and pensive as they all walked away from the home of white Wake-Robin.

That night, as Gloria fell asleep, she thought again of the beautiful white flower. "I'm glad I left it there in the



*Courtesy Wild Flower Preservation Society
The Lady Slipper loves the silent, shadowed woodlands*

pine woods," she said to her tent mate.

While Gloria slept, she dreamed. A fairy in a soft, flowing robe of white appeared to her and whispered. "Dear Gloria, I am white Wake-Robin who lives because of your protection. For many years my wild flower folk have lived in mortal terror of their lives and the fear that human children, discovering their dwelling places, would tear them away and cast them by the roadside to die. But now the joyful news has been flashed throughout the flower kingdom that the Girl Scouts are the guardians of all wild flowers whose lives are in danger of extermination."

"See! I have summoned for you a few of my flower sisters that you may hear their stories, know them when you meet them again, and help your Scout sisters to make their acquaintance!"

White Robin disappeared.

One by one, the dainty, flower fairies came to Gloria. Each told her simple story and thanked her for the protective love of the Girl Scouts to whom they longed to give joy and beauty.

Perhaps you know some of them too! For these are they who came to Gloria that night and whom, ever since, she has counted among her friends.

The Little Fringed *Milkwort*, or *Plygala*, in dainty dress of crimson—magenta—rarely white, with bright green, ovate leaves, grows only a few inches tall, and lives in damp woods.

The *Mayflower* of New England is called *Trailing Arbutus*; she comes early in the spring, growing close to the sandy soil, and hides beneath dry leaves in the woods. Her fragrant, small pink and white clustered blossoms on their trailing, light, brown, hairy stems bear sweet nectar for the early queen bumble bees.

The *Mountain Laurel* begs us to spare her beautiful, shining green foliage from extermination, and to urge all our friends to use some other decorations for their festive holidays, than these precious plants before they disappear entirely.

The *Yellow Lady's Slipper* is quite tall, graceful and fragrant. On each side of her bright, golden yellow pouch, she has a long, narrow, twisted, brown petal. Her stem is very leafy, and she dwells in damp woodlands.

The *Pink Lady's Slipper*, or *Moccasin Flower*, is familiar to all. Her two large leaves grow at the base of her stem. She is slightly fragrant, and her pink pouch is veined with a deeper pink. She also loves the silent, shadowed woodlands and the bees are her best friends.

Dutchman's Breeches. What a name to give to a dainty flower with such lacy leaves of grayish green! But you will see how appropriate the name really is, when you know them—the four to eight nodding, white flowers on each stalk, composed of two-spurred, heart-shaped sacks, look just like miniature pairs of breeches, fluttering from the clothes-line. They live on rocky



Courtesy Wild Flower Preservation Society

The Snow Plant grows high in the Sierra Mountains

slopes or in thin wood-lands.

The *Yellow Adder's Tongue*, or *Dog-Toothed Violet*, likes the wet woods, or some moist, cool brookside where she nestles close by the foot of a protecting tree. She is a dainty lily-like flower of yellow, but tinged on the outside with brownish purple. Her leaves are mottled with purple. The queen bees are frequent and favored visitors.

The *Hepatica*, earliest flower of spring, hides among the decaying leaves, then pushes her head three or four inches above the woodland floor, displaying her delicate colors, which vary from lilac and white, to pale purple and light violet.

The *Blout root* is a fragile, early spring arrival. In the borders of rich woods, she grows about ten inches tall. Her leaf is curled about the tender, white budding flower, in the form of a cylinder as she breaks through the ground, but later holds her flower head above the leaf. This pure, white petalled flower closes up

tight in the evening, but opens her heart to the sunlight during the daytime.

Downy Yellow Violet grows from six to eighteen inches tall, her stem is forked and hairy near the top, her leaves are heart-shaped, broad, deep green and soft-hairy to touch. Her dainty small, pale golden yellow blossom is veined with purple. She also loves the woodlands.

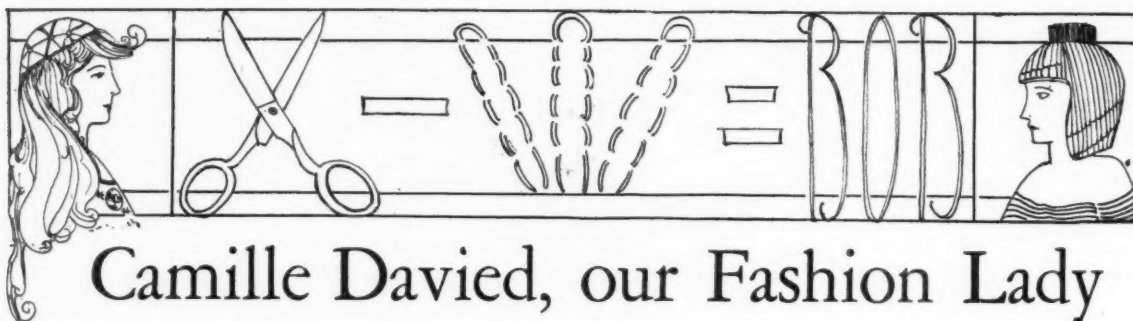
The *Purple Fringed Orchis* is a beautiful vision of lacy magenta-pink blossoms on a spike—she likes to stand in the water, so prefers to live in the swamps or wet woods

(Continued on page 39)



Courtesy Wild Flower Preservation Society

The Trailing Arbutus is called the Mayflower in New England



Camille Davied, our Fashion Lady

SHALL I bob my hair?

Little sister wrinkles her small nose as she debates on Dutch cut versus boyish bob, and as big sister meditates her algebra equations are likely to take on a form that Mr. Wentworth never knew of, perhaps, like the heading at the top of this page. Even mother and grandmother think it would be rather jolly to have done with hairnets for a while.



Yesterday's girl with her long curls

And after all, it is something rather daring for those of us who are almost grown up. Hardly any of our ancestors ever thought of such a thing. At least we have to go way back to the early Egyptians. There was a young princess, perhaps of the family of Tut-Ankh-Amen, who died when she was still a girl. Her gay little bobbed head seems strangely out of place in her pretentious tomb in the Val-

ley of the Queens, and she must have taken delight in the wind through her short curls.

But young girls through all the long centuries since then have had such pride in their long braids or curls that long hair has come to symbolize girlhood. The young Anglo-Saxon girl wore her hair in long ringlets until her marriage, in much the same way the young Chinese girl wears hers in a braid until she puts it up to emphasize her new dignity as a wife. And there was Chaucer's Emilia, as those of you who have spelled your way through the quaint old English of the Knight's Tale will remember—

*Hire yelwe heer was browded in a tress
Behynde hire back a yerde long, I gesse.*

(Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back a yard-long, I guess.)

In a later day the great ladies wore their hair in marvelous coiffures, high and powdered, and hair dressing was a great art and many learned treatises were written about it. One Peter Gilchrist, Hairdresser, writing in 1760, devotes a whole chapter to caring for the hair of little girls. His book is printed in old-fashioned letters with long s's that look like f's. He says, "When five years old, it is necessary to put the hair in proper form: which must be done in the following manner: With a comb divide the hair about three inches from the front, a little more or less, and press the hind part

back with a little hard pomatum; then cut the front part short." And when you think how much more comfortable that little girl must have been with her front hair short, it doesn't seem a bad way of wearing the hair at all!

Today we don't cut our long hair short in front, although we may have bangs, but some of us wear it unbraided and it is rather a nuisance as it flies around our face and gets in the way.

Have you tried tying a ribbon around your head under your hair in the back with a little bow on top in front? You can pull the hair softly around your face, so that it looks very pretty, and at the same time the sun and air keep it healthy. A band of ribbon worn the same way is becoming to the bobbed heads, too, and takes the place of barrettes that are likely to fall out and get lost.



Today's girl with her "Dutch" bob

Another way is to part the hair in the middle and part it again just in front of the ears, letting the front portions hang forward. Then bring the ribbon across the forehead and twist the front portions over the ribbon which is tied at the back. This is perhaps the most satisfactory and becoming way to hold long hair in place when it is worn loose.

But whether we have it long or short, we do want to know how to care for it, and whether bobbing will make it thicker—and how often to wash it—and how to arrange it when we have a "cowlick."

Those who have studied the subject are not themselves agreed that bobbing makes the hair thicker. They do think it will not make any more hairs grow, but it is likely to make the individual hairs coarser. It seems too, that bobbing is likely to improve strong healthy hair, and to diminish the growth of weaker, thin hair. In any case, the first thing to do to secure beautiful hair is to have a healthy body.

We should think of each hair as if it were a little plant growing on the scalp as in a garden. It is the blood stream which fertilizes this garden, and anything which interferes with the full normal feeding of the hair from the blood stream is a cause of disease. So diseases of the blood or of the nervous system cause falling of the hair—and so, too, will tight hat bands which do not allow the blood to circulate properly.

Each strand of hair is composed of three layers, the horny outer layer, made up of



A suggestion for using a ribbon



Another attractive arrangement of a ribbon

cells which are laid one over the other like shingles on a roof; within this a second layer of cells in which is the pigment which gives it color, and in the center is what is known as the marrow canal. The shape of the hair determines whether it will be straight or curly—if the hair is perfectly round, it is straight; if it is oval, it is curly.

When a hair is pulled out, the lower end is seen to be slightly enlarged, and this is commonly called the root. It is not the root at all, but is concave on the inside and fits over a little cone imbedded in the scalp called the papilla. It is from this papilla that new hairs grow, pushing out the old hairs. Even after a new little hair has commenced to grow the old hair will continue to hang on until the new one pushes through, when it finally becomes loosened and falls out. A hair grows, falls out and is replaced by a new one every two to six years.

Each hair grows in a sort of little pocket, called the follicle, with an opening at the scalp through which the hair pushes itself. Into this little pocket open two tiny glands, which, when the hair is normally healthy, give off just enough oil to keep it soft and prevent it from breaking. If our general health is bad, however, these oil glands may not give enough oil, and the hair becomes dry and brittle and breaks off, and the scalp is dry and scaly; or germs may infect the little hair pockets, so that the oil glands to produce too much oil and take over the energy that should go to the papilla. The hair becomes weak and straggling, the scalp is too oily and there is a very bad condition indeed. So, we can see that this garden of our scalp is delicate and should be carefully treated.

We can do this, first, by keeping our general health good—that is by eating plenty of eggs and milk and vegetables, getting lots of fresh air and sunshine and enough exercise; by avoiding tight hat bands; by keeping our scalp clean, washing it every ten days to three weeks, depending on how dirty it gets and whether it is very oily. Dry hair should be washed less often than oily. Use a mild soap—castile is best, although Ivory may be used by those whose hair is oily—and rub the lather gently in being careful not to scratch with the finger nails.

At night massage the scalp with the balls of the fingers, pressing firmly and moving the scalp with a circular motion. This stimulates the flow of blood and nourishes the hair. Brush it with long strokes. Use a brush with uneven bristles, stiff enough to go through the hair easily, but not too stiff, and let your comb have wide apart teeth, rounded at the ends. Never use any one's else brush or comb, because diseases of the scalp, such as dandruff, are contagious. And never use a wire brush or fine comb.

But to come back to bobbing—if we really want long hair, we should stop cutting it at thirteen, for it will not grow as long if we bob it after that time.

"And how shall I wear it if it is long?" every one wants to know at once—every one, of course, except the curly heads who have already more blessings than they deserve, and want neither advice nor sympathy. Snobs! But those of us who have long, fine, straight hair, that will neither go up nor stay up—we it is who know real tragedy.

Of course, the nicest way for little sister is to let it hang loose tying a ribbon as I suggested earlier. And then there are those blessed pigtailed. I confess to a fondness for them. There may be pigtailed girls who are both dull and stupid, but I have never met one. I have come to think it is only those who are very wise and very witty who braid their hair. If you would pull it softly around your face, hold it in place at the back with rubber bands. Or, instead of braiding it, you may hold it in at the back of the neck by a barrette and let it hang unbraided. A rubber band under the barrette is an aid to tidiness.

When one advances to the stage of putting it up, a small strand of hair, rolled in a little knot and pinned will give a foundation to pin to, and will keep it from slipping.

For just how to arrange it, you must suit your own face. If one's face is very round—and the bobbed heads may listen, too—dress it close to the face at the sides and fluff it at the top of the head; if one's face is long, let it be fluffed over the ears.

"And what shall I do for a cowlick?" one of you has written me. A girl I know with a cowlick on each side, whose hair is bobbed, has solved that problem very nicely. She parts her hair in the middle, brings a lock of the front hair straight down over her temples, holding it in place with rubber bands under the rest of the hair. Then she brushes the side hair forward so that it comes out in a little point over her cheek. For long hair, probably the best way would be to part the hair in the middle, then divide it on each side, keeping out a meager front lock down over the forehead, catching it back with the side hair with small hairpins or barrettes. If there is a cowlick on only one side of the forehead, the hair may be parted on the other side and brought across it.

Bobbed hair may be parted in the middle or on the side, it may be worn in the Dutch fashion almost to the shoulders, or it may be cut short in the back tapering up toward the crown of the head.

But even so we are all so different and our little difficulties are so individual. Perhaps the Fashion Lady could be more helpful, if you told her just what yours are. But if you write tell her all the details—and perhaps draw a little picture of your face. She will be glad to answer your letters.

Our old friend, Peter Gilchrist, in writing for those great ladies of a long time ago told them something that women of taste and beauty have remembered. It was that they should "observe a certain union and

(Continued on page 30)



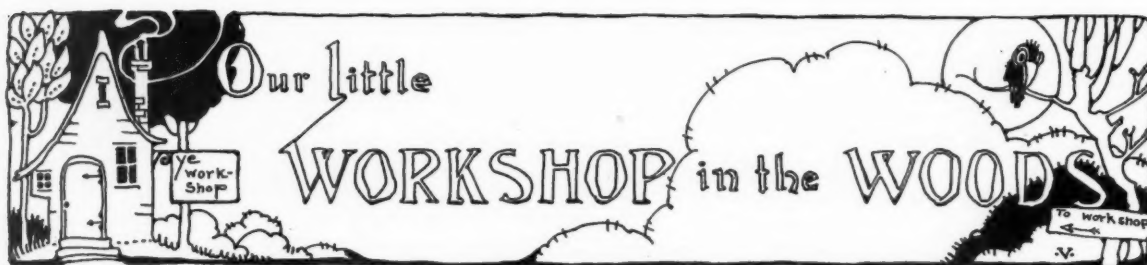
If your face is long, fluff your hair over your eyes



How the girl with the cowlick solved her problem



"Curles" and "straights"



Your Camera in The Woods

GIRL SCOUTS, take your cameras to your Workshop in the Woods this month. You can be a camera hunter of trees, flowers, birds and animals. Isn't this one way of "enjoying, not destroying, the wild flowers" of which Girl Scouts everywhere are thinking? (Gertrude Bishop has done this with Jack-in-the-Pulpit on page 14.) With your cameras you can catch the fleeting beauty of Nature, perhaps the delicate lace work of silver birches on a sunny day or the shy interest of some little woods creature peering at you from a thicket.

But remember that even Nature must be posed. This is the "composition" we talk so much about in our picture section. It means how much you take in and how much you leave out. You step back a little. You move to one side. You decide to have the house big in the right foreground and the road vanishing in the left upper corner. All this affects the composition of your picture and does most to make a subject interesting.

Mrs. Beals says, "Tell your Girl Scouts to study good paintings in museums or picture books. They will see how great artists have composed their pictures. They will see that composition means balance but that balance does not always mean that equally large, dark or heavy things are equally spaced on either side the center. A large object (mass) on one side may balance with distance (a vista) on the other. Tell them to watch for that in photographs and in paintings. And they should in general remember not to put their main object of interest in the very center."

Hunt your bird and animal friends, too, with a camera. (A truly "Girl-Scout-is-kind-to-animals" way of hunting, is it not?) Gertrude Bishop has done this well with her bears. They make a perfect little group.

An unusual subject, of interest to anybody. What a timely exposure! It is almost as though she had said, "Look pleasant, please!" and the merry little fellows had taken the pose. And there is action in this picture.

"What," you say, "is action in a photograph? If ever anything was 'as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean' it is a snapshot." Ah, but it is arrested action. The train picture, our fourth prize, exemplifies this.

When people are your subjects have them doing something in an unstudied fashion, preferably not looking at the camera. But, of course, make them doing something of interest. This does not have to be extremely unusual. Some of the best pictures are of everyday situations into which we can all put ourselves with a glow of recognition. Take Betty Repert's picture of the two Scouts starting on a hike. This is an experience common to all of us. We recognize all their traps. We can even sniff appreciatively the things that will come out of that dear, familiar, frying pan. This picture tells its story well, which is what the best pictures of people do.

Of course volumes could—and have been—written on the technical details of photography and we send you to those volumes. Any of the big camera companies publishes excellent instruction books, and there are others in the public library that will repay your study, and that will set you on the way, perhaps, to making what is now a hobby a fascinating profession later. What could be more delightful for a woman than to photograph children and gardens and make camera portraits of interesting people—to bring out in a likeness the hide-and-seek something that gives the touch of individuality to those people!

A high degree of photographic excellence was shown in our contest. Timely exposure, correct lighting, good developing and good use of paper. Our third prize, for instance, was printed on two papers, but the one we selected was infinitely better than the other. Indeed, this paper shows every gradation of light and shade, the very ripple of the water.

In judging our pictures remember that much of the detail is lost in magazine reproduction for, no matter how good the engraver and the printer, no magazine can reproduce all the detail of the original photograph.



Gertrude Bishop remembered that "even nature must be posed"

Our Outdoor Cooking Page

Scouting recipes of the '60's

By a GIRL SCOUT FRIEND

CAN one buy the old-fashioned 'hard tack' anywhere nowadays, I wonder?" asked the Girl Scout's grandfather. "The kind we used to have in the Civil War, and for forty years after? I've carried them loose in my knapsack or pocket for a week, and they'd probably have been just as good in a month. Hardly 'good' you could call them, just as they were. But still they were mighty fine chewing to a dinnerless youngster off scouting over the country on his horse, and one would last for an hour if you were working it hard.

"Round they were, and big, about five inches in diameter, or four or six—and thick, half an inch anyway. Like a great big very hard soda cracker—but hard, oh, so hard. More than one's the fellow I've known break off a bit of an old tooth on one he wasn't too respectful to. But they split in half easy, right through flatwise, and then it was easy to break them up into bits. They had about a dozen little holes through them—as though they'd been shot through with bird shot—or more likely stuck through with pins when they were wet, for the holes were puckery 'round the edges. And they were good to munch with coffee in the morning.

"How did we cook them? Oh, with most anything—only they had to be soaked first. I think I liked them best just in bacon fat. At the end of one meal you'd break one up into nice-sized pieces and into your tin cup, then more than cover it with water and put the cup away in a good safe place till the next meal. Then you'd take your four or five or six pieces of bacon, according to how hungry you were, and fry them in your little frying pan. When the bacon was done and taken off on to your plate—or before if you liked it that way—you drained off all the water from your tin cup, and emptied the soaked pieces of hard-tack into the hot bacon fat in the frying pan over the fire. Then you just fried it till it got nice and crisp. My, I don't remember ever eating anything I liked better. Sometimes putting a bit of onion in would make a change. Or in the summer, some tobacco juice.

"It was fine, too, if you could get two or three tomatoes in the summer, to cut them up and stew them. Of course, we boys learned a lot of little tricks like popping tomatoes into boiling water and then cold water, to make the skins slip right off. And like cutting them into little pieces to make them cook better. Tomatoes stewed with enough hard-tack in to sop up all the tomato juice was a wonderful dish.



Only you had to be sure to soak them first for at least a couple of hours, or they wouldn't cook well at all."

"Thanks awfully, Grandpa," said the Girl Scout. "I'm going to hunt all over town and see if I can't find some somewhere to take out on our Friday night hike."

"You might telephone around to some of the ship-outfitting shops," suggested Grandfather, "and see if they have some. They used to use them on ships a lot before so many new ways of preserving food were invented. But they called them 'ship's biscuit.'"

"You know, dearie," vouchsafed Grandma from her sewing chair, "if you can't get his hard-tack or ship's biscuit, I think you could make a very tasty dish by following any of his recipes and just using small pieces of dry bread instead, or even soda crackers. Of course, you wouldn't want to soak it but five or ten minutes, if at all. And I think either the bread or Grandpa's things would be even better if soaked in milk." "And," she added, "if you aren't cooking them in the bacon fat, don't forget the salt. While to my way of thinking a pat of butter improves anything."

"Goodness me," exclaimed the Girl Scout, "aren't you the wise dears! I say! Wouldn't you like to go out hiking with me one day? I'll bet you could teach me a lot of things!"

How to Build a Fire

From "Two Little Savages"

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

First, a curl of birch bark as dry as it can be, Then some twigs of soft wood, dead, but on the tree, Last of all some pine-knots to make the kettle foam, And thar's a fire to make you think you're settin' right at home!

Use What's There

The picture shown illustrates an easily made, convenient fireplace for cooking which is used by the New Britain, Connecticut Girl Scouts at their week-end camp. Look closely and you will see the lower shelf and standards of a discarded oil stove. This shelf and the standards

were unscrewed and the section placed upon two walls of brick the length of the frame.

Long wood could easily be fed into the fire. The open-work shelf held three utensils. And a flat piece of zinc, placed on top of the frame or at the side sufficed to keep cakes, etc., warm. When closing camp, two girls carried the frame into the shack, where it awaited the return of another group of hungry Girl Scouts.



A New Britain Girl Scout using the stove

Camera News "on the Air"

Broadcast through our

SCRIBES CORNER

"As the Girl Scouts go hiking along," was the subject of the snapshots that were submitted in our Camera Contest and what enchanting hikes they did tell us about! Hikes in the mountains, hikes along frozen waterfalls, hikes to farms, hikes to picturesque caves. Yes, we *do* hike!

The judges had no easy time, you may be sure. Some pictures told a most interesting story (and all pictures should tell a story, so Mrs. Beals says), but were not clear. Others were clear and distinct but the composition was not so artistic as in others. You can easily imagine how perplexed the judges were when the many snapshots were spread before them. However, they at last reached a decision.

The best pictures, as selected by the judges, Mrs. Jessie Tarbox Beals, the distinguished photographer, Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, National Director of the Girl Scouts, and Miss Helen Ferris, Editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL were:

FIRST PRIZE—Gertrude Bishop, Troop 1, St. Louis, Mo.

SECOND PRIZE—Mary Beeson, Troop 4, Colorado Springs, Colo.

THIRD PRIZE—Elizabeth Plimpton, Senior Troop 3, Newton Centre, Mass.

FOURTH PRIZE—Gladys Metcalf, Walpole Troop, Walpole, N. H.

Gertrude Bishop, winner of the first prize, sent in three pictures. Her Jack-in-the-Pulpit received Special Honorable Mention and her woods scene won Honorable Mention. THE AMERICAN GIRL considered all three of them worthy of reproduction in this issue.

We would like to know for the benefit of other Girl Scout troops why it is that the photography of the Walpole Troop, Walpole, New Hampshire is so very good. A fourth



This picture by Betty Tonks, Troop 18, East Orange, New Jersey won a Special Honorable Mention because it was so clear a picture for so small a camera

prize, two Special Honorable Mentions, and five Honorable Mentions went down on the score of this troop. Have they a camera club and have they been practising photography long? We would like to know their story. Every single entry was noteworthy.

The prize pictures will be found upon our picture pages, 22 and 23. The awards for these pictures were generously presented by Mrs. Beals and were beautiful photographs which she herself has taken. They were: 1st award, portrait of John Burroughs; 2nd, 3rd and 4th awards, New York City scenes.

"I congratulate the Girl Scouts upon the pictures which they have taken. They show me that you are thinking about your pictures before you take them, that you are trying to make your pictures truly artistic.



And this picture by Margaret McGinty, Troop 1 Neosho, Missouri won Special Honorable Mention because of its unusual subject as well as its good photography

This Camera Contest has been an unusually fine one, to my mind," said Mrs. Beals. For definite suggestions for your own snapshots, read what Mrs. Beals says upon our pictures and in our "Little Workshop in the Woods" on page 20.

"I am proud that the Girl Scouts are able to take such splendid pictures," said Mrs. Rippin, "I had no idea such fine work is being done in our Camera Clubs. Why not have another Camera Contest, for the pictures taken in camp, this summer?"

"We are certainly pleased to have all these pictures in our magazine," said Miss Helen Ferris. "I only wish we had room for them all!" (Miss Ferris is always saying that.)

The judges also decided to announce a Special Honorable Mention Class and an Honorable Mention Class, as follows:

Special Honorable Mention to:

Mary Hale Armstrong, Troop 3, Canandaigua, N. Y.; Ruth Cable, Troop 4, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.; Jean E. Gleichauf, Troop 5, Rochester, N. Y.; Alma Hattaman, Troop 1, Senior, Bronx, N. Y.; Lillian Johnson, Troop 65, Chicago, Ill.; Marguerite McGinty, Troop 1, Neosho, Mo.; Margaret Marshall, Lone Scout, Marblehead, Mass.; Helen Penniman, Troop 2, Canton, O.; Elizabeth Plimpton, Troop 3, Senior, Newton Centre, Mass.; Betty Repert, Troop 1, Hummelstown, Pa.; Margaret L. Spicer, Troop 6, Gloversville, N. Y.; Betty Tonks, Troop 18, East Orange, N. J.; Walpole Troop, Walpole, N. H.; Marjorie Willis, Troop 1, Duluth, Minn.

Honorable Mention to:

Eleanor Adams, Troop 17, Kansas City, Mo.; Dorothy Bedell, Troop 167, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Muriel Dyhrman, Troop 4, Duluth, Minn.; Martha Evans, Troop 1, West Plains, Mo.; Nellie Jean Evans, Troop 1, Jewett, Tex.; Bernice Goldberg, Troop 22, Chicago, Ill.; Patricia Hatch, Troop 1, Montclair, N. J.; Ruth E. Horsefield, Troop 3, Morristown, N. J.; Naomi Holt, Troop 1, West Plains, Mo.; Florence Ruff, Troop 1, Hummelstown, Pa.; Barbara Sprague, Troop 1, Montclair, N. J.; Judith Lee Thompson, Troop 2, San Antonio, Texas.

OUR PUZZLE-PACK

She Has a Name!

YES, Puzzle Jack's friend has a name: "Puzzled Jill," sent to us by Helen Williams, a Girl Scout of Montclair, New Jersey. So many names were sent to her, many of which we are certain she would be delighted to have. But looking at her picture and seeing the truly puzzled look upon our girl's face as she looks at Puzzle Jack's puzzle, we have decided that she is "Puzzled Jill", indeed. We are therefore happy to award to Helen a copy of Mr. George Carlson's fascinating puzzle book, *Peter Puzzlemaker*, which is published by John Martin.

Very excellent names were also submitted by Catharine Zeilman, of Lancaster, New York, to whom we have also awarded a book for second place; to Marion Kusz, of Peoria, Illinois, third place. And Honorable Mention to: Mary Chisholm, Savannah, Ga.; Myrtle Edwards, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Janet Fisher, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Charlotte Henriques, Salt Lake City, Utah; Scout Hickey, Needham, Mass.; Margaret Hopkins, Chicago, Ill.; Charlotte E. Kingston, Springfield, Mass.; Frances Knapp, West Medford, Mass.; Dorothy Michels, St. Paul,

Minn.; Lillian Parrish, Yonkers, N. Y.; Katherine Polloch, Emsworth, Pa.; Flora Scheuer, Montgomery, Ala.; Evelyn Shoob, Springfield, Mass.; Virginia West, Albany, N. Y.; Jeannette Whitly, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Bird Puzzle

Girl Scouts love the birds. So does Puzzle Jack who has a long list of bird names which he will use from time to time in his Puzzle Problems.

In this picture, Puzzled Jill is helping him, at least she is holding the chart for him while he paints in letters. When this puzzle is solved and completed, there should be six words in a column and the first and fourth letters should, reading from top to bottom, spell the names of two well-known birds.

Puzzle Jack has supplied the second and third letters. Now it's for you to put in the others. Horizontally, there should be six real words but Puzzle Jack makes an apology for one as not being real English. He found it listed in his very big dictionary, however, and feels justified in using it.

There are two birds concealed in the picture. See whether you can find them.

Watch for the answers next month and see what Puzzle Jack has in his Puzzle Pack for you. It is something that no Girl Scout should be without!

A Bird Puzzle-Poem

By JEAN CADY, Age 11

Girl Scout in Philadelphia, Pa.

My cap is of the brightest red,
And in a stump I make my bed,
My coat is of the glossiest black,
And a glint of green it does not lack.
My vest is clean, and white as snow.
I'm sure you've seen me numbly go
About the trunk both high and low,
Drumming and tapping fast or slow,
Looking for insects I like to eat
As I hold fast by my four toed feet.

Answers to last month's puzzles

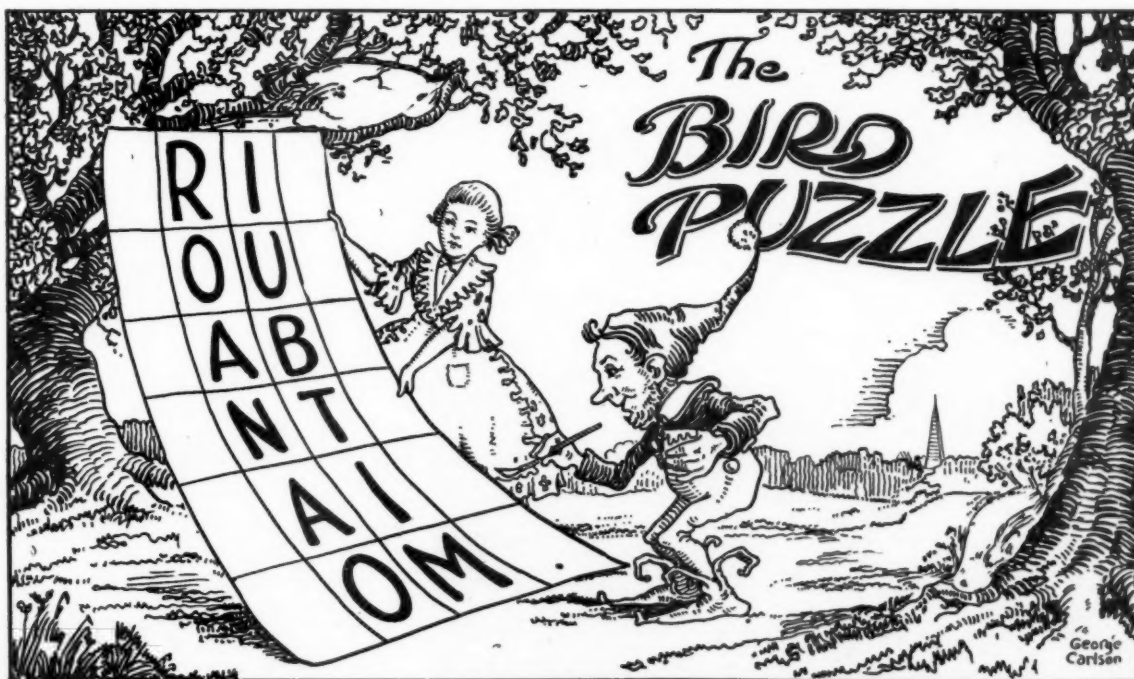
TO THE STAR PUZZLE: Sailor — sail + inch + urn — churn + ES + Ton — Nest = Orion.

Orion's portrait was upside down behind the lamp-post.

FIRST BIRD PUZZLE: Tanager.

SECOND BIRD PUZZLE: Goldfinch.

FLOWER PUZZLE: Violet.



She is "Puzzled Jill"

Puzzle Jack's companion will hereafter be called "Puzzled Jill", a name given her by Helen Williams, a Girl Scout of Montclair, New Jersey

"As the Girl Scouts"

A page of prize winners and some honorable mentions

All over the country Girl Scouts' cameras clicked and now we may show you on this page a few of the best pictures in our Camera Contest.

Read the captions under the pictures for a brief criticism of each. Then keeping a finger between these pages—so that you may use them for reference—go to "Our



OUR SECOND PRIZE

ABOVE—This photograph by Mary Beeson, Troop 4, Colorado Springs, Colorado won second prize in our Camera Contest because of the striking poster quality and vigor in the pose, its naturalness and its good photography

OUR THIRD PRIZE

BELOW—This picture by Elizabeth Plimpton, Senior Troop 3, Newton Centre, Massachusetts, won third prize because of the picturesque beauty of the scene, the good composition, and the clear detail of the picture



OUR FIRST PRIZE

ABOVE—Who could resist these bears? The judges couldn't and so, Gertrude Bishop of Troop 1, St. Louis, Missouri, won first prize with this picture because of the unusual subject and good photography

RIGHT—A special honorable mention was awarded this picture by Dorothy Woodward, Walpole Troop, Walpole, New Hampshire because it shows the picturesque beauty of a usual spot taken from just the right position, in other words because of its composition



uts Go Hiking Along"

me honorable mentions in our Camera Contest

and
best
criti-
pages
"Our

Little Workshop in the Woods" for words of wisdom about picture taking and for a longer discussion of our Contest. Then look on page 4 for our first prize, Mrs. Beals' camera portrait of John Burroughs, and to page 20 for an announcement of all the honorable mentions. Then, for more pictures from our Contest, look on pages 3, 14, 18 and 20.



A SPECIAL HONORABLE MENTION

ABOVE—This photograph by Betty Rebert, Troop 1, Hummelstown, Pennsylvania, was chosen from many good ones because it tells its story so very well, and because, though posed, it is natural



OUR FOURTH PRIZE

ABOVE—An extra prize went to Gladys Metcalf, Walpole Troop, Walpole, New Hampshire for this picture because she had got remarkable action for a small camera and because the composition is so good

ANOTHER SPECIAL MENTION

BELOW—This photograph by Marjorie Willis, Troop 1, Duluth, Minnesota was chosen for an honorable mention because of the unusualness and beauty of the subject and the sharpness of the photography



LEFT—See page 18 for further comment on this lovely group of white birches and for a more detailed discussion of our contest, especially of the pictures on this page and elsewhere in this issue. Page 20 will give you a full list of those receiving Honorable Mention



Maybe This Girl Is You

or Gladima Scout's Secret Key—a Stunt



HERE is an AMERICAN GIRL stunt for your camp-fire. Give it as it is or change it in any way you wish. All can be designed in fifteen minutes. The characters we have imagined as appearing are given here. But you may add any number you wish. You may make them say anything you and they wish. In fact, you may present this stunt in whatever way seems most telling to you. What is a telling AMERICAN GIRL stunt? We leave that to you and the Editor.

The characters:

GLADIMA SCOUT. (Pronounce her name with the accent on the first two syllables, with i as in I. She wears her usual camp suit or her city clothes, whichever you prefer.)

THE AMERICAN GIRL. (She is appropriately dressed in as many different pages of the magazine as you can pin upon her camp suit. If pins are scarce in your camp, pin these pages together lengthwise and suspend from THE AMERICAN GIRL's shoulders. The number of pins used is thus decreased.)

"SID" ROMLEY. (She is the heroine in our exciting new mystery serial. She has bobbed hair and a mysterious manner. She is hunting for robbers. Design your own costume for this!)

PUZZLE JACK. (You will find his picture on our Puzzle Page. A "brownie" hat and field glasses should content him. If you wish him to bring his young companion, consult our Puzzle Page.)

THE SCRIBE'S CORNER. (These are two Girl Scouts who are supposed to represent letters that have come through the mail. A realistic touch is to pin upon their camp suits envelopes of letters that have actually had this experience.)

THE LAUGHING CONTEST. (These are two Girl Scouts.)

The stunt begins

(There is a chair on the stage. This is because GLADIMA must sit down. She may sit upon a stool, if you prefer.)

GLADIMA SCOUT enters, because she must enter in order to be seen: Oh, dear! Here I am alone and what is there to do? I can't be working on Merit Badges all the time. Why doesn't something thrilling come along?

THE AMERICAN GIRL (She enters, too): I'm thrilling.

GLADIMA SCOUT: Who on earth are you?

THE AMERICAN GIRL: I'm THE AMERICAN GIRL. Know what I'm like?

G. S.: Don't be silly! I'm an American Girl myself.

A. G.: I said THE AMERICAN GIRL. There's a difference. I'm the Girl Scout magazine. Ever see me?

G. S. (indifferently): Oh, yes. I read you once a long time ago. Last year, I guess it was. I know all about you.

A. G. (laughs loudly and long): Ho. Ho. Ho. Ha. Ha. Ha. (This expresses great mirth.)

G. S.: What's the joke?

A. G.: Why, because you think you know all about me when you haven't read me for a year. Look! (She whirls

about and points) Look at this cute cover. And look at these pictures. And look at these snapshots of Girl Scouts in—

G. S. (suddenly interested): Wait a minute! Don't go so fast. I thought I saw— YES! Here's our camp!

(The G. S. sits right down on the floor by THE AMERICAN GIRL and starts looking eagerly at the pages of her costume)

G. S.: Don't move! I want to read this story. (Tears off a page and starts to read)

A. G. (taking the page from G. S.'s hand): Don't do that! That's my costume.

G. S. (throwing herself into her chair again): Oh dear. What did you come for if you weren't going to let me read you?

A. G.: Did you say you are looking for something to do?

G. S.: I certainly did. Something thrilling, I said.

A. G.: All right. Look! (She blows whistle and says "Abracadabra!")

(Enter "SID" ROMLEY. She tiptoes in, looking mysteriously about her.)

G. S.: Isn't she adorable? But who is she and what's she doing?

A. G.: She's "Sid" Romley, the heroine in my new serial that's going to start pretty soon. Jane Abbott wrote it for me and it's the most exciting story I ever—

"Sid" (suddenly and very loudly): HOOK!

G. S.: My goodness! What's that?

A. G.: SHHHHH! It's the password! It means she's on the trail of the smugglers!

G. S.: Oh, goody! Here, "Sid." Tell me all about it. (She starts for "Sid's" side.)

A. G. (stepping between the two girls): No! You forget, Gladima. "Sid," stand there. (A. G. blows whistle again. Says "Abracadabra." "Sid" stands to one side.)

(Enter PUZZLE JACK. He has a large pack on his back and is looking up at the stars through field glasses.)

A. G.: This is Puzzle Jack, the cleverest Puzzlemaker in—

G. S.: Puzzles! Did you say puzzles? Hurrah! I always did like puzzles!

PUZZLE JACK (taking down his glasses and patting his pack): Puzzles? You bet! Any kind you want, right in here. (GIRL SCOUT rushes toward him.)

AMERICAN GIRL steps between.)

A. G.: I'm sorry. You mustn't. (Motions PUZZLE JACK to one side.)

G. S.: Please let me try that Star Puzzle. I just know I can guess it!

A. G. (shakes head. Blows whistle. Says "Abracadabra.")

SCRIBE'S CORNER: (As many girls as you wish.)

A. G. (exhibiting them proudly): Isn't it fun to know what other Girl Scouts are doing?

G. S.: Oh, yes! I just love to hear about them!

A. G.: Well, they write to me, hun-

dreds of them every month. And then I tell about them in my Scribes' Corner.

G. S.: Girls, do you like to be in plays? We want to give one and we don't want—

A. G.: Just a moment, Gladima. You forget. (She motions the Scribes' Corner aside. Blows whistle and says "Abracadabra.")

(Enter two GIRL SCOUTS.)

A. G.: Gladima, watch these two Girl Scouts closely. They are going to play a game I described in my July issue. It's called the Laughing Contest. One, two, three, go!

(See July AMERICAN GIRL, Game Page.)

G. S. (giggling): I can play that! I challenge the winner!

A. G. (once more stepping between): No!

G. S.: Oh, please, AMERICAN GIRL.

A. G.: NO!

G. S.: Let me have the others, then. (She stretches out her arms to them.) Why can't I?

A. G.: You forget, Gladima. You don't subscribe for me. And when you don't, how can I bring you all these thrilling things every month? But look! Here's my secret key. (Holding out a piece of paper.)

G. S. (looking at the paper): This isn't a key. It's a subscription blank. And I don't understand. It says you will come to me for only fifty cents.

A. G.: Yes, for five months. That's my secret key for this summer. You see, I want every Girl Scout to know me. So I am telling you and all the others who have never taken me that if you send me fifty cents, and I'll come to you for five months.

G. S.: Oh, goody, goody! And won't you give me enough Keys for my patrol?

A. G.: Certainly! And for every girl in this camp, too. Puzzle Jack! Give these camp girls the Secret Keys you have for them.

(The caste distributes the new AMERICAN GIRL circulars and sample copies of the magazine to the camp girls.)

A. G. (blowing whistle and saying "Abracadabra"): Caste! Caste! (The caste rushes to her.)

A. G.: Let's sing! "Sid," you be our song leader. You know. THE AMERICAN GIRL song.

Tune: "Marching Through Georgia"

Gather 'round, you jolly Scouts
And raise a merry song,
Come, subscribers tried and true,
And help us right along,
Help us make our magazine
Well-known from shore to shore,
Let's make the Girl Scouts subscribers.
Subscribe! Subscribe!
Let everybody sing.
Subscribe! Subscribe!
It has a merry ring
Take and read THE AMERICAN GIRL
It's surely just the thing
To make the Girl Scouts subscribers.



Rusty Meets Keema

(Continued from page 6)

"Ye Gods!" cried the man. "But we'll have to act fast. Here, tie your rope around me and let me down on the other side of her. Maybe the snake won't strike if I go at the girl that way. It's good there are so many of you. When I yell 'Pull', pull, see?"

Meanwhile, Keema was keeping her eyes fixed upon Rusty. But she made no attempt to strike, even when the girl moved her head in order to look up the slope. Nor did she uncoil her body or show any signs of retreating. She was watching, that is all. And she was willing to let well enough alone. If this intruder refrained from molesting her, she argued in her snake mind, she herself was satisfied to let the girl remain unharmed in front of the den. But she did not hesitate to warn the girl of what *might* happen. Her own motto as had been that of her ancestors was, "Don't tread on me".

And Keema had always kept it. Never had she played unfair, even in her encounters with the woodfolk who had inhabited the forest about her. Her natural instinct told her that she possessed the most formidable form of defence. Her jaws secreted sacks of virus of deadliest poison. With a single thrust of her sharp fangs, she could inflict the most fearful wounds. But she played fair.

Rusty, despite her terror, began to comprehend this. She seemed to know that if she were still, absolutely still—but oh! what a relief it was when a short time later, she felt the strong hands of a man lifting her by the wrists and his low voice telling her to hold her position until he could free her from the bushes.

"Our one hope to get away from that snake is to be quick and quiet," he said in a low, tense voice, over which Keema's warning rattle could be plainly heard.

At last the man succeeded in breaking away the sharp thorned bushes from her clothing. "Pull!" he called loudly.

Slowly and laboriously, the man helping with his feet, the two were pulled up the mountainside. As the Captain and Billy laid Rusty upon the ground, the man cried, "Heavens, girl, was that snake there all the time?"

"Yes," murmured Rusty, too exhausted to open her eyes.

The man and the rest of the troop peered cautiously over the edge of the mountain. "Can you beat it! That snake's gone", exclaimed the man. "As near as I can make out, she was coiled and ready to spring, too. She was rattling, too, when I got down there. But all she did was to act mad and look at us!"

Rusty lifted her head. "I kept as still as I could," she said. "Maybe she knew I wasn't going to bother her."

(Continued on page 31)



A Keds athletic-trim model—built for the hardest sports wear

Here's where wearing quality counts!

WEAR and tear on the tennis court—constant pounding on a gym floor—the strains of hiking over rough country—these are the things that put your athletic shoes to the test.

Keds are especially designed to stand up under such conditions. The soles are made of unusually tough and pliable rubber—the uppers of carefully selected canvas, strongly reinforced. *In every detail Keds are made to give better wearing service.*

That's why Keds are so ideal for all kinds of sports wear—for volley ball, basket-ball and gym work—for field hockey and girl scout work.

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes—varying in price

according to grade, size and style—from \$1.25 to \$4.50.

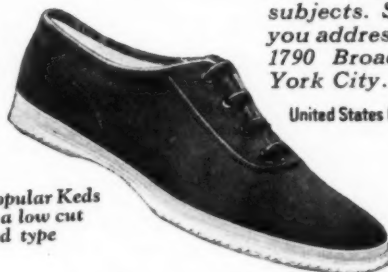
And every Keds shoe has the name Keds on it.

It is important to remember that not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. While there are other shoes that may at first glance look like Keds, no other shoe can give you real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company.

If you want the best your money can buy, look for the name, and insist on Keds.

The 1924 Keds Hand-book for Girls contains 47 pages of interesting information on games, woodcraft, recipes, books and many other subjects. Sent free if you address Dept. 340, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company



Another popular Keds model—a low cut oxford type

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe



Keep your magazine coming—renew!

Do You Know the New Crests and Merit Badges?



The new Home Service badge. Three proposed designs were published in the May issue of *The American Girl* with a ballot to record Girl Scout preferences. This one received the largest number of votes.

The Cardinal (flower), the Cardinal (bird), and the Red Robin are three new crests now added to the list of those carried by The National Supply Department. Besides, there are two new Merit Badges (Home Service and Scholarship), while the designs for the First Aide and Home Nurse Badges have been changed.

How often have you thought, "I wonder where I can find a list of crests and badges"? Therefore, we are publishing a complete list, one that you can keep. And for your convenience in ordering just check this list and attach to your order. All merit badges and crests are 15 cents each.

Crests

Bluebell
Bluebird
Bluebonnet
Buttercup
*Cardinal (Flower)
*Cardinal (Bird)
Carnation
Clover (Pink)
Cornflower
Crocus
Daisy
Daffodil
Dogwood

Forget-me-not
Fuschia
Goldenrod
Holly
Iris
Jonquil
Lily of the Valley
Mountain Laurel
Morning Glory
Nasturtium
Narcissus
Oak
Pansy (Brown)
Pansy (Purple)

Pine Cone
Poppy
*Red Robin
Rose (Red)
Rose (White)
Scar. Pimpernel
Star of Bethlehem
Shamrock or Clover Leaf
Sunflower
Thistle
Violet (Purple)
Violet (White)
Wild Rose

*These are new crests recently added to stock.
Price of any crest 15c

Merit Badges

Artist
Athlete
Beekeeper
Bird Hunter
Bugler
Business Woman
Camper
Canner
Child Nurse
Citizen
Cook
Craftsman
Cyclist
Dairy Maid
Dancer
Dressmaker
Drummer
Economist

Electrician
Farmer
†First Aide
Flower Finder
Gardner
Handywoman
Health Guardian
Health Winner
Homemaker
†Home Nurse
Horsewoman
Hostess
*Home Service
Interpreter
Journalist
Laundress
Milliner
Motorist
Musician

Needlewoman
Pathfinder
Photographer
Pioneer
Rock Tapper
Sailor
Signaller
Star Gazer
Swimmer
Telegrapher
Zoologist
Entertainer
Scout Aide
*Scholarship
Scout Neighbor
Woodcraft
Scout Naturalist
Land Scout

*These are new badges.
†The design of these badges has been somewhat changed.
Price of any badge 15c

Order from
National Supply Department

189 Lexington Avenue

New York City



Jessie Tarbox Beals

Who's Who In "The American Girl"

Mary Roberts Rinehart has been interested in the Girl Scouts for a long time. She has written about us in, *Why I Believe in Scouting for Girls*, a pamphlet which is to be found in our Supply Department. She has acted as Deputy Commissioner in Pittsburgh. And now she has consented to be the National Campaign Chairman of the Committee in charge of raising the money for our new National Headquarters.

John Burroughs

is a name beloved by us all. Because the outdoors was his home and because he had eyes that could see the wonderful things happening all about him, we today may read his books and see what he saw. His publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, very kindly granted THE AMERICAN GIRL permission to publish *Waiting*, which you will all find in his book, *Light of Day*.

Jessie Tarbox Beals

is an artist who creates beautiful pictures with her camera. She, too, loves the outdoors. Perhaps that is why she became a personal friend of John Burroughs and was able to make the lovely portrait of him which we have upon page 4. We are very grateful to Mrs. Beals for her generous help in our Camera Contest, for the photographs which she has awarded to those who sent in the best pictures, and for the many suggestions which she has given us all on how to take better pictures, ourselves. Mrs. Beals says she will be happy to have the Girl Scouts visit her in her studio at 333 Fourth Avenue, New York City, at any time. Or if you wish to write her any questions which you have about the taking of pictures, she will be pleased to answer them.

(Continued on page 28)

Notebook Ahoy!



EARN-YOUR-OWN- MEMBERS

This Is For You!

"I'LL subscribe later."

When you have asked your friends to subscribe to THE AMERICAN GIRL, some of them have said this, haven't they?

If they have—and when they do—here is an idea for you.

Keep an Earn-Your-Own Club notebook. When your friends tell you, "I'll subscribe later," ask them, "When is your birthday? And wouldn't you like to have the magazine for a birthday present?"

Our Magazine Makes a Popular Birthday Present

If your friend's birthday is in the fall, what luck! You can then go to her mother several weeks before her birthday and tell her about THE AMERICAN GIRL and how her daughter wishes to be a subscriber. And we rather imagine we already know what that mother will say to you!

Notebook, Ahoy!

Camp is just the place to talk American Girl, if you are an Earn-Your-Own Club member. Make a list of the girls who wish to become subscribers in the fall. Then when you return home, talk with them again. You have no idea how many girls subscribe in the fall. It seems to be a regular subscribing time. Prepare now for next fall.

You May Join, Too

If, by any chance, you have not heard about our Earn-Your-Own Club, we shall be delighted to tell you all about it. Its members are Girl Scouts who are earning money by securing subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL. They earn money with every subscription they obtain, from the very first one on. Fill out the coupon below if you wish to know about it.

Clip this
Coupon

Earn-Your-Own Club
189 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

I, too, wish to earn my own money in the way you describe. Please enroll me as a member of the Earn-Your-Own Club.

My name is

My address is

.....

Coming! Jane Abbott's latest and best adventure story

"Shape It With Your Hand-Axe"

How many handicraft directions contain these words!



CAMP KAPERS

Chopping wood for the cook tent or the camp fire
Cutting boughs for beds
Cleaning up around camp
Splitting, prying, driving or pulling nails
The official Girl Scout Axe is a good serviceable tool
It is forged; not cast; and is tempered as carefully and as well as larger axes
It is light in weight—the axe weighs 1 1/4 lbs., and the handle adds only a few ounces

All of our axes are made by the official manufacturers of the Girl Scout axe: the Axle Axe & Tool Co., Inc., whose world-wide reputation is built upon Quality. "The Best Known and Known as The Best."

Sold only by

National Supply Department
189 Lexington Ave. New York City

You will need your Girl Scout Axe. Have you one for camp this summer



2891 Girl Scouts Won The Health Badge Last Year

A great record for the greatest thing in the world—good health

But even this record can be improved upon. And it's pretty sure to be—this very year.

For every real Girl Scout is working hard for her "Health Winner" badge. Sticking close to her daily health rules and keeping a careful account of her physical progress for three months.

All Merit Badges are made by Lion Brothers, official manufacturers of Girl Scout emblems. Sold only by National Supply Department, 189 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Make Our August Cooler

by sending us your Christmas pictures then. Christmas parties, Christmas trees, Christmas Carol singing—any good, Christmasy subject will be welcomed by THE AMERICAN GIRL.

(Continued from page 27)

Vernon Kellogg

is a noted American writer who is interested in many things but in none more than in the outdoors. Not long ago, he wrote to us:

"I am glad that you have selected *Argiope of the Silver Shield* to be the story which you wish to reprint in THE AMERICAN GIRL. I like *Argiope* specially well myself. You are kind to ask me to write an adventure of a Girl Scout with me on a ramble. I have a Girl Scout very ready to ramble with me at any time. She is my daughter Jean. Some day perhaps I can send you an account of one of our rambles."

Mr. Kellogg's book, *Insect Stories*, is filled with just such tales as *Argiope of the Silver Shield*. We reviewed this book for you on our book page in our June issue and are grateful to the publishers, D. Appleton and Company, who not only granted us permission to reprint *Argiope* but who also presented us with the illustrations.

Edith Ballinger Price

is a Brownie Wise Owl, as most of us already know. She is also one of America's best short story writers as well as being an artist able to give us such a beautiful illumination of our laws as that upon our cover, this month. You will be interested to know, too, that you may buy reproductions of our cover in postcard form, in larger sizes through our National Supply Department.

Edwin A. Osborne

author of *Rusty Meets Keema*, the *Rattlesnake*, has spent many months and years in the woods, becoming acquainted with snakes and all outdoor creatures. Because he himself had an adventure much like *Rusty's*, he wrote this story for us.

Dorothy Dean

has made many Girl Scout friends during her years of hiking with them, of going to their troop meetings in Boston, and camping with them at Long Pond and Camp Andree. This summer she is taking a trip through our National Parks in the West.

Not forgetting

CAMILLE DAVIED who is acting as Head Councillor in a camp, this summer, and who enjoys every letter she receives from you; DARE STARK McMULLIN, who at this very minute is in a Girl Scout Camp — Camp Chaparral; COMMODORE LONGFELLOW who says he feels sure that hundreds and hundreds of Girl Scouts will become Life Savers this summer.

But not only Camille Davied is eager to have letters from you! Don't forget to send Puzzle Jack your own original puzzles. And don't forget to write your Editor, HELEN FERRIS, when there is something you wish to have in the magazine but haven't found there, yet.

Renew—and get the attractions described on page 2

Gladima Scout Gets a Bargain

Gladima Scout
Went to camp.
Yes, really!
To Camp Andrée
And while she
Was there
The Editor of
The Girl Scout Magazine,
Came and
Told all about
The exciting things
That are coming
In THE AMERICAN GIRL—
A Boarding School Mystery
By Augusta Huiell Seaman
And more other good stories
Than she could tell about.
Then the Editor said
That every girl who
Didn't subscribe
Could get a bargain—
Five months for 50 cents
Imagine it!
And Gladima put her name
On a card
As quickly as she could
And she says that
When her five months runs out
At Christmas
She is going to ask
Her mother
For THE AMERICAN GIRL
For a present.

Important

This is a true story. Forty-seven girls at Camp Andrée signed up in one evening for our 50c "Get-Acquainted" offer.

No matter where you are—in camp or at home—if you have never subscribed for THE AMERICAN GIRL, you may have this great magazine bargain, 50c for 5 months. Even though it's hot, surely you will have energy to put 25 stamps in a letter!



Gloom! Gloom! Gloom!

This whole family is sad because their Girl Scout does not receive her AMERICAN GIRL any more.

She forgot to renew!

All are delicious

NABISCO

A delicious combination of two crisp wafers enclosing a delicately flavored creamy center. Eat them alone or with any dessert.



FESTINO

A delicious crisp almond-shaped dainty with an almond-flavored creamy center. It looks and tastes like an almond.



ANOLA

An exquisite sugar wafer, consisting of two crisp, chocolate-flavored wafers enclosing a creamy chocolate-flavored filling.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"



A Neckerchief in Your Camp Colors

—and a black one to wear when the colored one is being washed. Every Girl Scout who goes to camp will wish at least that many neckerchiefs for her equipment. Mercerized cotton embroidered with the trefoil seal. Made by Stanton Brothers, 105-107 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.

Order from
National Supply Department
189 Lexington Ave. New York City

Earn-Your-Own Club members---an idea for you on page 27

Special Notice

The new nature study projects, prepared by Mrs. Bertha Chapman Cady, Girl Scout nature study expert, are available.

There are three projects:

1. The Bird Finder merit badge
2. The Flower Finder merit badge
3. The Tree Finder merit badge

*These projects may be obtained
at 50 cents each through*

National Supply Department
189 Lexington Avenue New York City

Our Fashion Lady

(Continued from page 17)

consistency between one part and the other," which means, as we all know, that all parts of us—our hair and dress and shoes and stockings—should be fitting, one with the other and with us, with our youth and what we are doing, so that many things like earrings and permanent waves, for instance, that might be suitable for grown ladies for some occasions are not for us. Just as we as girls have a certain loveliness of our own that does not belong to the grown-up woman.

Masquerade costumes, evening dresses—
Our Fashion Lady will tell you about
these in an early issue



Alas!

This Girl Scout

did not renew her subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL—and so she is missing the end of our serial, the story of Prudence, and of Carolyn, our handicraft, and all the other good things in September.

Don't let this be you!

Puzzling Puzzles for Puzzlers in September

Camp Originalities

Help yourself for your camp

GIRL Scout camps are chock-full of the cleverest ideas! Here are some, passed along by that friend of all Girl Scout campers, Miss Louise Price, head of our National Camping Department. And if your camp is doing something interesting, write the Editor all about it.

Have you ever thought of exchanging trees with another camp and having a special tree planting ceremony? Long Pond sent a white pine to be planted in Cincinnati's Camp Proctor. Cincinnati returned a buck-eye.

In our Houston and Milwaukee Camps, the girls last year had Scout Camp Banks. A councillor from Camp Bradley for our Baltimore and Washington Girl Scouts has also described for us their "Canteen Saving" days when the girls passed down the line for canteen, but instead of spending their money put it into the ice fund. She has suggested this for an "American Girl Canteen Day," with the girls in this way saving enough money to take advantage of our 50 cents-for-5-months, Get-Acquainted Offer. She seemed to think a number of girls could thus easily subscribe. What do you think?

Have you ever thought of exchanging girls with another camp? Minneapolis and Colorado Springs are planning to exchange Girl Scouts, this summer. Imagine the fun those girls will have when they go camp visiting!

Have you names for the various parts of your camp? In Camp Bonnie Brae, our Springfield Girl Scouts camp, the campers live in groups, according to their ages. There is Sherwood, of Robin Hood fame, where the oldest girls live, with Lincoln green ties and feathers as the sign of their band. There is Camelot, the white city, for the next-to-the-oldest girls and where the tales of King Arthur come to life. There is the Jungle for the next-next-to-the-oldest, with a jungle at the back door of four cabins and Kipling's Jungle Books for their special own. And Tanglewood for the youngest in camp and who but Nathaniel Hawthorne stories to be dramatized in their outdoor theater.

Haven't you wished, sometimes, that you could know the secrets which the Indians discovered about the woods? From the Outdoor Conference, called by the President of the United States, our own Director, Mrs. Rippin, brought us this Indian Herb secret. It is the old Indian cure for ptomaine poisoning: wild strawberry leaves brewed into a tea. She passes this along for our campers out on the trail.

Enjoy, Not Destroy, our Wild Flowers

*Read this from the Wild Flower
Preservation Society of America*

The Wild Flowers which should not be picked, at least near large towns or tourists' points, are:

arethusa, birdfoot violet, bluebell (mertensis), cardinal flower, clematis, columbine, false indigo (baptisia australis), gentian, golden club, ground pine (lycepodiums), holly, indian pipe, Jack-in-the-pulpit, lady's slipper, larkspur (Es. U. S.), lily, lobelia, lupine (Es. U. S.), mariposa lily, orchids (all species), pansy violet, phlox, pipsissewa, pitches plant, rhododendron, rhodora, shin leaf (pyrols), shooting star (dodecatheon), snow plant (sarcodes), solomon's seal, spotted wintergreen, star grass, swamp magnolia, swamp pink (melonias), toothwort (dentalia), trailing arbutus, trilliums (all species), wild pink, wild indigo.

The Ferns under the above classification are: Maidenhair, Walking fern, Climbing fern.

The following Wild Flowers that can be picked in moderation, if the roots are not disturbed and plenty of flowers are left to go to seed:

anemone, avens, azalea, black haw (viburnum), beard tongue (pentstemon), bell flower, blue bottles, blood root, blueberry, bluets, blue flag, coral honeysuckle, cranesbill, day-flower, dogwood, Dutchman's breeches, flax, foxglove (gerardias), golden ragwort, harbinger of spring, hepatica, huckleberry, larkspur (West U. S.), loosestrife, lupine (perennial), marsh marigold, May apple, meadow beauty (rhexia), meadow sweet (spiraes), milkwort (polygala), mountain laurel (under first heading in N. E.), New Jersey tea, partridge berry, passion flower, phacelia, red bud, rose gentian (sabatia), rue anemone, saxifrage, shad bush, skull cap, spring beauty, squirrel corn, stagger bush, star of Bethlehem, trout lily ("dog-tooth violet"), turtle head, turkey beard (xerophyllum), violet wood oxilis (under first heading in N. E.), violets (entire leaved), water lilies, wild bean, wild roses, yellow wood oxilis.

Under this classification come most ferns.

A Patriot Maid

(Continued from page 13)

few of the men who did not bear marks of the bees' displeasure, and had their observers feared them less they might have discovered something comical in the many swollen faces raised as if for their inspection when Alexander lifted the sash and waved an end of the curtain vigorously in the direction of the group who stood agape at the sight of the house's occupants.

"That's the white flag of surrender, Alexander," Susan Breakfasts gasped, "We're not surrendering!"

(To be concluded in September)

Rusty Meets Keema

(Continued from page 25)

"I guess that was it, Rusty," agreed the Captain. "I've heard that snakes won't attack unless we attack them or bother them. What were you doing down there, anyway?"

Rusty, recovering from her fright, grinned. "My flower finder's badge," she said, "I wanted to sketch the red flower."

Down the slope, the red flower gently moved in the breeze. Below it, Keema had crawled into her den. Listening to the voices of her enemy above her, she was relieved when they drifted away into the distance. Comfortably coiled upon her favorite rock, Keema gazed down into the valley. She was at peace with the entire world. She was willing to let others do as they would so long as they left her alone. And satisfied that she was played fair with friends and foes alike, she dozed off, her rattle standing straight up, her head resting on her sulphur and black coils, a living illustration of her family's ancient adage, "Don't tread on me."

Life Saving

NOTE: "Life Saving," our new Swimmer Proficiency Badge booklet, has just been published. In it, you will find not only this Water Pageant but many suggestions for "Water Buddies," swimming precautions, the various "carries" and much besides.

This booklet was prepared for the Girl Scouts of the First Aid and Life Saving Division of The American Red Cross under the direction of Mr. H. F. Enlows, Director of the Division, Captain Fred C. Mills, Commodore William Longfellow and Mrs. Cecelia P. Deubig. Every Girl Scout and Girl Scout Captain interested in swimming and life saving will wish to own her own copy of "Life Saving," which costs 15 cents and may be obtained from The National Supply Department.

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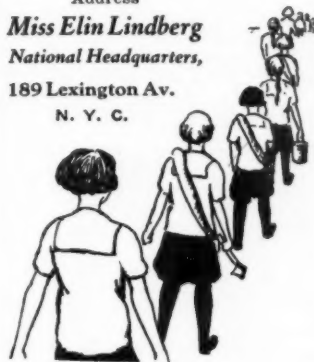
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Give The American Girl Stunt--page 24



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Maya, the Bee, seems a real person to us, in this story of her adventures. Now don't for a minute think that her story is the Peter Rabbit kind which we all enjoyed when we were knee-high-to-a-grasshopper, ourselves. For it isn't. It is the story of Maya, told just as the story of one of our own friend's adventures might be told. The dragonflies and beetles and spiders that she meets seem real people to us, too. Her adventures are often more than thrilling. When she was caught in a spider web, for instance — oh, *how* was she ever to get away? (Reading *Argiope* by Mr. Kellogg made us especially interested in that adventure). And then, at the last, when she escapes from her enemies, the hornets, and returns to her own people to warn them of the hornets' planned invasion of their hive.

This is a real Girl Scout book, too, because what Mr. Bonsels had told us is what is actually going on in the world of outdoor creatures.

Heavenfolk

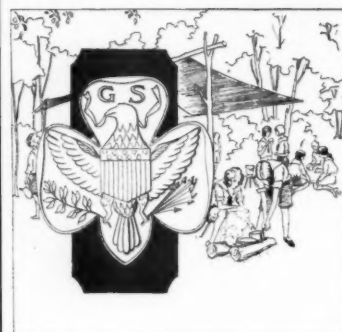
By WALDEMAR BONSELS
(Thomas Seltzer)

Heavenfolk is by the same man who wrote *The Adventures of Maya the Bee*. And when you have read *Maya*, you will wish to have *Heavenfolk*, too. And when you have lived in the world of the woodland meadow, of the trees, and of the flowers, after you have made friends with the Sprite, the Lark, the Fox, and many other wood-folk, you will find a new world about you on your hikes and your hours in the outdoors, a world such as John Burroughs knew. This book, too, will be a most welcome one for your Camp Library.

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Argiope of the Silver Shield

(Continued from page 8)

here are our notes exactly as we wrote them during our experimenting. This is, of course, the correct manner for publishing real scientific observations, because it gives the critical reader a chance to detect flaws in our technique!

Our Notes on the Behavior of Argiope

"Nov. 18, 4:45 P. M.: released a fly in the cage. The spider pounced upon it, seized it with fore and third pair of legs, threw out a band of silk and enswathed it, tumbling it over and over with her hind feet about thirteen times, hence enswathed it, in thirteen wrappings of silk. The fly was then disconnected from the web, the spider making but little attempt to mend the gap. It was carried to the hub and eaten. While the feast was going on, a honey-bee (with sting extracted; we didn't want to run any risks with Argiope!) was liberated in the cage. As soon as it touched the web, the spider was upon it, throwing out a band of silk in a sheet a quarter of an inch broad. ('Drawing out' would be more accurate, for the spinnerets cannot spurt out silk; silk is drawn out and given its band character by lightning-like movements of the comb-toothed hind feet.) With her hind legs Argiope turned the bee over and over twenty-five or twenty-six times, thus enswathing it with twenty-five or twenty-six wrappings of the silken sheet.

"No sooner was the bee enswathed than a second bee was liberated in the cage and caught in the web. This was treated by the spider like bee No. 1.

"Nov. 20, 8:15 A. M.: Argiope perfectly still in center of hub, feeding on bee No. 2. The only thing that reveals the feeding is a slight moving of the bee's body as the juices are sucked up. Remains of bee No. 1 dropped to the bottom of the cage.

"Fed all day, 8:15 A. M. to 5 P. M., on bee No. 2.

"At 2:30 P. M.: a box-elder bug, which is very ill-smelling, was thrown into the web. Argiope did nothing for three minutes, then went out on the web to it and wrapped, making five complete turns; then went away. Probably not hungry, as she has had two bees and a fly in three days.

"Nov. 21, 8:15 A. M.: box-elder bug finished during last night. Old web replaced by a new one with twenty-nine radii, eleven complete spirals and several partial spirals. The hub is formed of fine irregular webbing about an inch and a half in diameter, without the viscid droplets that cover the spirals. An open space of about a half-inch intervenes between the hub and the beginning of the spirals.

"4:30 P. M.: liberated a fly in the cage. Argiope pounced upon it and began to eat immediately, not taking time or trouble to enswath it.

"While the fly was being devoured, we liberated a strong-smelling box-elder bug in the cage. It flew into the web. Argiope, by a quick movement, turned on the hub toward the bug and stood in halting position for eight seconds, then approached the bug slowly, hesitated for a second or two, then wrapped it about with five wrappings, halted again, and finally finished with five more wrappings. The bug was then attached to the web where it had first touched, the spider passing back to the center and resuming her meal.

"When the fly was finished, Argiope walked over to the bug, grasped it in her mandibles, walked up to the hub, turned herself about so that her head was downward, manipulated the bug with her fore and third pair of feet until it seemed to be in right position for her with reference to the hub of the web, and began to feed.

"5 P. M.: bee liberated in cage with sting not extracted. Argiope leaped instantaneously to the spot where it was caught, enswathed it with great rapidity thirty-seven times, then bit at it, and enswathed it five times more, making forty-two complete wrappings in all, then left it fastened in the web and resumed feeding upon the bug. All the time she was wrapping it, Argiope kept her body well clear of the bee's body, the spinnerets being fully one-half an inch from the bee, making the broad band of issuing silk very noticeable. In biting it, which she seemed to do with marked caution, she of course had to bite through the silken covering.

"A few minutes later a second bee, with sting, was liberated in the cage, caught in the web and rapidly pounced on by the spider. As before, she turned it over and over with great rapidity, using apparently all of her legs. She enswathed it fifty times, bit it, and then wrapped it with five more silken sheets, making fifty-five wrappings in all. Leaving it hung to the web, she went back to the bug.

"Before Argiope had reached the bug, bee No. 3 was caught in the web at the exact spot where bee No. 2 was hung up. In its efforts to disentangle its feet, it shook the whole web violently. In spite of the violent vibration of the web, Argiope pursued her course to the bug at the hub of the web, adjusted herself with head downward, and resumed feeding.

"Query: Did Argiope think the web-shaking due to futile struggles of the well-wrapped bee No. 2, and hence needing no attention?

"Vibration of the web continued.

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After several seconds had elapsed, Argiope seemed suddenly to realize that her efforts were called for out on the web, for she pounced down as rapidly as before and rolled and tumbled both bees together, enswathing both in the same sheet of silk, never stopping until she had given them fifty-five wrappings. After biting twice, she wrapped them with five more turns, bit again, and wrapped again with seven more turns, making sixty-seven in all. Argiope then returned to her bug.

"Query: Does Argiope distinguish bees from flies?"

"Further query: Does Argiope distinguish bees with stings from bees with stings extracted?"

"Nov. 22, 9:45 A. M.: Argiope feeding at hub on bees Nos. 2 and 3 introduced into cage yesterday afternoon. With her right second leg she holds taut a line connected with bee No. 1.

"10:25 A. M.: packet dropped to the bottom of the cage, the juices of only one of the bees having been sucked out. The web is constructed at an angle so that anything dropped from the center falls free of it.

"5 P. M.: began feeding again on bee No. 1.

"Nov. 23, 9:30 A. M.: another bee released in cage, caught in web and enswathed approximately thirty turns by Argiope.

"Nov. 25, 8:30 A. M.: the web has been destroyed during the night.

"Nov. 26: Argiope has made an entirely new web.

"Nov. 30, 2 P. M.: gave Argiope a bee with sting. It was wrapped forty-seven times, but not so expeditiously as has been her wont. Later another bee was liberated in the cage, caught and wrapped about forty-five times.

"Dec. 2, 11 A. M.: the body of a live bee was bathed in fluid from the freshly crushed body of a box-elder bug (very malodorous), and the bee liberated in Argiope's cage, and soon caught in the web. The bee was not very lively and did not shake the web violently, but Argiope rushed to it without hesitation, wrapped it with twenty-five turns of silk and returned to the hub of the web.

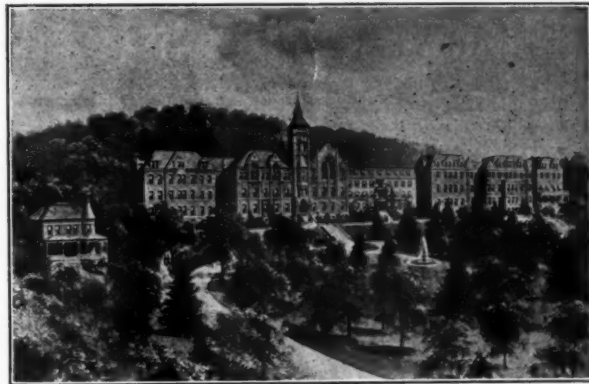
"Dec. 3: Argiope stayed all day in the upper part of the web, on foundation lines, with head downward.

"Dec. 5: yesterday Argiope moved down to her normal place on the hub. Today she is on the hub, but in reversed position (head up), with legs limp and bent.

"Dec. 7: Argiope hanging by first and second right legs, from upper part of web; barely alive.

"Dec. 8: Argiope dead."

NOTE: This story is taken from the book, "Insect Stories," by Dr. Vernon Kellogg and is reprinted by permission of the publishers, D. Appleton and Company, New York.



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SARA McDOWELL GAITHER, A.B., Principal.

Just the thing for your camp fire—page 24

Showing Neptune's Daughter

(Continued from page 10)

is the signal for the life-boats to start. Each boat backs stern to the subject, who wears a cap matching those in her own boat. She is lifted over the stern and the boat races back to shore. Here the subjects are lifted out and resuscitation is begun. The race ends on the third pressure. After this, six of the life-savers swim out some distance and face the shore, treading water. Their partners swim to them, perform the correct approach to a drowning

person, and carry them in, using cross chest carry. They retire.

APHRODITE: Ah, ye are cheating Davy Jones! It is true then, that ye can swim for safety. Swimming for health have I seen and swimming for safety. Both of these are worthy aims for swimmers. What more can ye have in your program?

A third camper emerges, answering.

THIRD CAMPER: Fair Aphrodite, campers like to compete with each

other in swimming, so we sometimes have *Swimming as a sport*.

APHRODITE: This is a third and popular form of swimming, which I have seen carried on these many years. Let me see how Camp — — swims for sport.

The third camper calls for her people, and produces the following events as a short swimming meet:

1. 50 feet free style race.
2. 20 feet relay race.
3. Diving contest, 3 entrants, 3 dives each.

These swimmers then rejoin the audience.

APHRODITE: Yes, swimming as a sport shall be considered worthy of notice by the court of Neptune, the swimming for health and swimming for safety shall always come first. Surely there are no more objects in swimming?

A fourth camper comes forth.

FOURTH CAMPER: Ah, Aphrodite, we have one more kind of swimming at this camp and a very popular kind. This is *Swimming for Fun*.

APHRODITE: Ah yes, swimming for fun has its place in a well-balanced program. How then, do ye swim for fun?

The fourth camper calls her dozen girls, who are dressed in clown effects and grotesque humpy padded muscles, etc., the girls having vied with each other in making up funny costumes in which they could swim. They swim to the diving float and perform stunt and freak dives, with much laughter and nonsense. This lasts several minutes, when they are recalled from the water.

APHRODITE: Yes, I can see that this would be fun for campers. I shall report to the court of Neptune that I have seen today *Swimming for Health*, *Swimming for Safety*, *Swimming as a Sport*, and *Swimming for Fun* in the waters of your lake. As I have been delegated with the power to signify the approval of the King of Waters, I hereby approve the uses to which Camp — — is putting — — (name of your lake). This is henceforth to be one of the favorite spots in my aquatic playground and many times when ye are swimming, I shall be present with my court of mermaids, though ye will not see us. Farewell, Mortals, farewell.

Aphrodite swims sculling to float, where she dives beneath the surface and swims to the float behind the screen. Here she disrobes. The swimmer who appeared originally enters water noiselessly, swims under water for a short space and appears before the audience. She then retires to the shore.

NOTE: See page 31 for a notice of LIFE SAVING. The new Swimmer Proficiency Badge booklet.

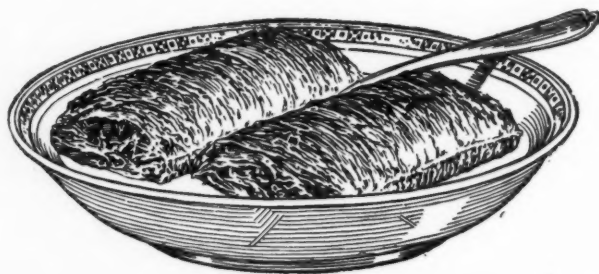
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Washington, D. C.

Tying the Neckerchief

DOES your camp tie its necktie in a "Horse's tail"? "Horse's tail," you say, "what's that to do with neckties?"

In the old, old days, ten years or so ago, when families drove klop-klop through the park in family carriages and when coachmen and grooms polished off the horses with as much tender care as is now given the paint of a new car, the horses' tails were often tied in neat, blunt knobs strikingly like this style of wearing the neckerchief.

So much for the name. And now to learn how to do it. The diagrams will help in learning this, another Girl Scout knot.

To tie your neckerchief in a horse's tail, spread the neckerchief flat; fold



Fig. 1

in two inch folds toward the center until it closes together like a sailor's tie. (Fig. 1.)

Then, with one end tie a plain knot about the other end (Fig. 2), making the "horse's tail" to hang down in front and leaving from six to eight inch ends, whose tips tie under the middie collar. (Fig. 3.)



Fig. 2

The heavy part of the tie is in the horse's tail then and one doesn't grow so hot under the collar! The pin is, of course, worn on the knob as usual.

"What advantage has the horse's tail?" you ask.

First, it is cooler. The bulk of the necktie is in front, where it makes a braver showing of color, and not at the back of the neck, in a wad under the collar, where an extra quarter ounce seems to send your temperature upwards several degrees.

And then it is neat and handy. Once tied it will stay tied until it needs to go to the wash. You just slip it off over the head. Consequently it stays cleaner and less mussed because it gets less handling. Try it in your camp this summer.



Fig. 3

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Subscription \$1.50 per year
Sample Copy 15 Cents

EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor
ArcAdiA

SOUND BEACH CONNECTICUT

Gloria, the Rambler

(Continued from page 15)

and meadows. Her sisters, *White* and *Yellow Fringed Orchis* are equally lovely and need our care.

The *Fringed Gentian* wears a radiant gown of violet-blue, cut into four fringed petals, which she opens to the sunlight only. She dwells in damp, sunny meadows.

The *Pitcher Plant* is another resident of the swamp and a most interesting member of the plant family. She is green with reddish purple veining. Her leaves are pitcher-like in shape and hold water. They are lined with fine, downward pointing bristles, which enable her to trap insects that drown in the water and provide food for her sustenance. Isn't she ingenious? Her nodding flowers tower above her pitcher leaves, on single stems.

The *Cardinal flower* is a blazing beauty arrayed in deep red, which is often reflected in the water mirrors, beside which she loves to dwell. She belongs to the *Lobelia* family, and humming birds are attracted by her flaming colors.

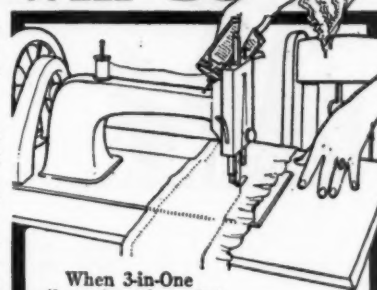
*When the scarlet cardinal tells
Her dreams to the dragon fly
And the lazy breeze
Makes a nest in the trees
And murmurs a lullaby,
"It is July."*

The *Snow plant* grows high up in the Sierra Mountains, sometimes at an altitude of 9,000 feet. She likes the company of a dozen or more plants near her. Her blossom is red, carmine or rose, and she pushes her way through the blanket of pine needles, just as soon as the snow has melted. Her peculiar beauty is much admired, and it is said that when the sunshine strikes the flowers, which are translucent in texture, they glow with wonderful brilliance, as though lighted from within.

The *Phantom Orchis* is another translucent, peculiarly beautiful resident of our western forests. She grows near the foot of Mt. Shasta, to a height of one or two feet, and her stem, leaves and flowers are all waxy white, giving her an unnatural appearance in the dense forests — like a shimmering ghost among the dark trees.

Today, Gloria's dream is coming true for there are countless Girl Scouts who are protecting these lovely wild flowers. And there are many who are already winning the Flower Finder Badge according to the new plans which Mrs. Bertha Chapman Cady described in the July issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. If you or your Captain did not read what Mrs. Cady told us all then write to the National Supply Department for the *Plan for the Regular Girl Scout Nature Work*, prepared by Mrs. Bertha Chapman Cady. Price 15 cents. Then read the announcement of the Bird, Tree and Flower Finder requirements on page 30.

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Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

Effective July 1, 1924



Uniforms

	Size	Price
Long Coat.....	10-18	\$3.50
	38-42	4.00
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.50
	38-42	5.00
Skirt	10-42	2.00
Blumers	10-42	2.25
Knickers	10-42	2.50
Norfolk Suits— <i>Officer's</i> :		
<i>Khaki, light weight.</i>	34-42	7.00
<i>Khaki, heavy weight</i>	34-42	\$15.00
<i>Serge</i>	34-42	37.50

	Size	Price
Hats, <i>Officer's</i>	7 $\frac{1}{8}$ -8	3.75
Hats, <i>Scout</i>	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -8	1.50
Canvas Leggings, <i>Pair</i>		1.00
Web Belt	28-38	.60
	40-42	.75
Leather for officers..	28-38	2.50
Middy— <i>Official khaki</i> ..	10-40	1.75
Neckerchiefs, <i>each</i>40
Colors: <i>Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, khaki, pale yellow, cardinal, black, and yellow.</i>		

	Size	Price
Black Silk		\$2.00
Puttees, <i>Women's sizes</i>		3.00
<i>Girls' sizes</i>		2.00
Sweater— <i>Slip-over type</i>	10-14	6.50
	16-22	7.00
Coat type	10-14	7.50
	16-22	8.00
Waterproof Coats, <i>sizes</i>	10-20	7.50
	40-42	9.00
Waterproof Capes, <i>sizes</i>	10-20	7.50
	40-42	9.00

Badges

x Attendance Stars	
<i>Gold</i>	\$0.20
<i>Silver</i>15
x First Class Badge.....	.25
x Flower Crests15

x * Life Saving Crosses	
<i>Silver</i>	\$1.75
<i>Bronze</i>	1.50
x * Medal of Merit.....	1.00
x Proficiency Badges15

x Second Class Badge.....	\$0.15
x * Thanks Badge	
<i>Heavy gold plate with bar..</i>	3.00
<i>Gold Plate Pins</i>75
<i>Silver Plate</i>75

Pins

x Brownie	\$0.25
x Committee75
x * Community Service25
x * Golden Eaglet	1.50

x Lapels—G. S.— <i>Bronze</i>	\$0.50
x Tenderfoot Pins	
10K Gold (<i>safety catch</i>)....	3.00

Gold Filled (<i>safety catch</i>)..	\$0.75
New plain type.....	.15
Old style plain pin.....	.08

Insignia

x Armband	\$0.15
x Corporal Chevron10

x Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.	\$0.20
x Hat Insignia (<i>for Captain's hat</i>)50

x Lapels—G. S., <i>for Scouts</i>	\$0.20
x Patrol Leader's Chevron....	.15

Songs

America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05
Are You There.....	.10
Enrollment10
Everybody Ought to be a Scout	.15
First National Training School	.25
Girl Guide60
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15

Girl Scout Songs	
<i>Vocal Booklet</i>	\$0.10
<i>Piano Edition</i>30
Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04
<i>Lots of 10 or more</i>03
Goodnight15
Hike Songs.....	.20

Oh, Beautiful Country.....	.05
On the Trail:	
<i>Piano edition</i>	\$0.60
<i>Midget Size</i>05
<i>Lots of 10 or more</i>02
Onward10
To America25
Be Prepared. <i>Girl Guide Song</i>	.35

Flags

American Flags		
Size	Material	Price
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.70
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50
3x5 ft.	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches	4.50

(x) Troop Flags		
Size	Material	Price
2x3 ft.	Wool..	\$2.50
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 ft.	Wool..	4.00
3x5 ft.	Wool..	5.50
4x6 ft.	Wool..	8.00

(x) Troop Flags (continued)	
	Price
Flag Set	\$1.25
Includes:	
1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed	
6-ft. Staff	
1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy	
web carrying case	
Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not	
jointed60
Semaphore Flags (extra), per	
pair75

(x) Troop Pennants	
	Price
Lettered with any Troop No..	\$1.50
Staves	
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral	
G. S. Emblem....	\$6.50
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.	4.90
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.	3.40
G. S. Emblem—separate.....	3.60
Eagle Emblem—separate	2.50
Spear Emblem—separate	1.50
Flag Carrier.....	2.50

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Standard Price List Continued

Literature

	Price		Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25	Play (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)	\$0.15
Brownie Pamphlet15	In lots of 10 or more10
Brownie Report75	Post Cards—	
* Blue Book of Rules25	Set of six (Silhouette)10
Camping Out, L. H. Weir	2.00	1 dozen sets	1.00
Campward Ho!75	Single cards02
Captain's Field Notebook	1.25	Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Sets cannot be broken)20
First Aid Book—		Posters—	
General Edition50	Girl Scout poster (large)20
Woman's Edition25	Girl Scout poster (small)10
Girl Guide Book of Games50	Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters	6.85
Health Record Books, each10	Single copies, each	1.00
Per dozen	1.00	Producing Amateur Entertainments, Helen Ferris ..	2.50
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover	1.00	Signal Charts15
Flexible Cloth Cover75	Lots of 10 or more10
English Girl Guide75	Scout Laws	
Home Service Booklet, each10	Poster size50
Per dozen	1.00	Small size15
* Introductory Training Course15	Postcard size05
Life Saving Booklet15	Scout Mastership	1.50
Measurement Cards05	Troop Management Course75
Ye Andrée Logge75	Troop Register	2.00
A Girl Scout Pageant50	Additional Sheets	
Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard ..		Individual Record03
Patrol Register, each15	Field Note Book size01
Patrol System for Girl Guides25	Attendance Record03
* Punched for Field Notebook		Cash Records, 603

Miscellaneous Equipment

Axe, with Sheath	\$1.50	Poncho (45x72)	\$3.25
Belt Hooks, extra05	" (60x82)	4.50
Blankets—4-pound Grey	6.00	Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50
Bugle	3.50	10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00
Braid—1/4-inch wide, yard10	Rope, 4 ft. by 1/4 in.15
x Buttons—Per set25	Lots of 5 or more, each10
105—6 1 to set—dozen sets	2.75	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt50
Camp Toilet Kit	2.25	Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard	4.75
Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	Sewing Kit, Tin Case25
Tin	1.50	Aluminum Case50
Compass, Plain	1.00	Scout Stationery50
Radiolite Dial	1.50	Scout Stickers, per dozen05
Cuts—		Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-1150
Running Girl	1.00	Sun Watch	1.25
Trefoil75	Transfer Seals, 2 for05
First Aid Kit with Pouch	1.25	Thread, Khaki spool15
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra50	Per dozen spools	1.20
First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.80	x Uniform Make-Up Sets—	
Flashlights. Small size	1.35	Long Coat Uniform65
Large size	1.65	1 Long Coat Pattern	Give pattern size
Handkerchiefs—Scout emblem:		1 Pair Lapels	
Linen40	1 Spool of Thread	
Cotton25	1 Set of Buttons	
Haversacks, No. 1	2.75	Two Piece Uniform80
No. 2	1.50	1 Short Coat Pattern	Give pattern size
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair ..	.25	1 Skirt Pattern	
x Khaki, Official Scout, 36 in. wide35	1 Pair Lapels	
Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide55	1 Spool of Thread	
Knives, No. 1	1.50	1 Set of Buttons	
No. 2	1.00	No make-up sets for middies and bloomers	
Mess Kit, No. 1 Aluminum, 6 pieces	3.50	Whistles20
Mirror—Unbreakable25	Wrist Watch, Radiolite	4.50
x Patterns—			
Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-4215		
Norfolk Suit, 34-4225		

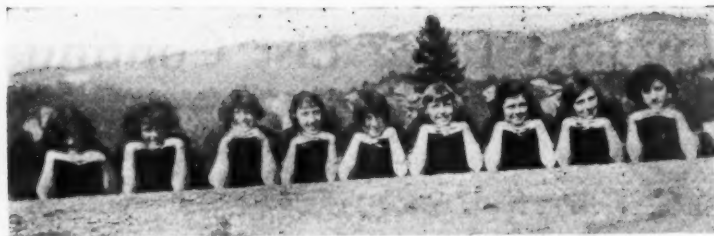
Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of a registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

Girl Scout National Supply Department

189 Lexington Avenue, New York City



Along the Editor's Trail



AN Editor's Trail, in the summer time, is the most winding imaginable! It takes the Editor to summer camps, to camp-fires, to meetings of the Court of Honor. Then, *whisk*, it whisks her to next fall and many Scouting plans we all have for next September and October.

And here on our desk is a sketch for our December cover! Can you imagine it! Which reminds us to tell you that the Christmas picture you took of your own troop last year may be just the one the Editor is looking for to put upon December picture pages. We very much need pictures of our last year's Christmas hike. Will you not hunt them up and mail them to THE AMERICAN GIRL, this week? Besides helping THE AMERICAN GIRL, this is an opportunity to tell Girl Scouts everywhere about *your* troop.

Yes, our trail leads us to camp-fires, this month. And especially to the camp-fires where our AMERICAN GIRL stunt on page 24 is going to be produced. We must tell you about that stunt. It was first given at Camp Andrée, for the Girl Scout Captains and Local Directors meeting there. "If they laugh and seem to enjoy it, we'll put in in THE AMERICAN GIRL and send it to all the Girl Scout camps," the Editor told the Business Manager.

You can imagine how we held our breath, waiting to see whether those Andrée campers would laugh and enjoy it. Well, they did! And we know that our stunt will be given around many camp-fires, this summer, because every camp director at Andrée has already told us she is going to give it at her camp!

But it is also a good stunt for a troop meeting. So that those of you who do not go to camp need not feel "out of it." Just give the stunt, right where you are, at home!

Tell every Girl Scout friend of yours who does not take the magazine that she may subscribe for our Get-Acquainted offer, 5 months for 50 cents.

We have made this special offer because we know that fifty cents is far

more easily gotten together in the summer than a dollar and a half. Besides, the girls who subscribe now will wish to renew just at Christmas time. And they may ask their mother for THE AMERICAN GIRL, then.

Our summer trail takes us to Court of Honor, too, where girls themselves are deciding upon matters of importance to their own camp. One Court of Honor which remains most clearly in our memory is one in which the girls were discussing just which girls most deserved the Camp Letter.

"Do you know," one of the girls said, "I think we're considering girls who are all alike. You know what I mean, the jolly, lively kind of girls. I s'pose we do naturally think of them first. But I think some of the quiet girls here are just as good campers and mean as much to the camp, too."

"Yes," said another member of the Court of Honor, "There's Jane. She's quiet but I think she's an awfully good camper."

"Let's not decide today," suggested another girl. "Let's look around and watch all the girls, the quiet ones, too."

So they looked around them again and watched all the girls, not only those who seemed to stand out among all the campers.

When the Court of Honor met again, the girls had come to the conclusion that there were two of the more shy, retiring kind who did deserve the camp letter.

Our trail takes us to our Camera Contest, too. And we are wondering whether some of our girls who enjoy taking pictures and who take such lovely ones are not making a picture-poetry diary. Do you like to keep the poems you find in magazines and newspapers, which appeal to you? We do. Ours is a queer looking notebook, but a most precious possession.

Not long ago, we saw one of a friend who, too, enjoys taking pictures. "Whenever I have a picture I especially like," she explained, "I look in my poetry clippings and find a poem that seems to fit the picture. Then I put the two on the same page of this book."

And there, on one page, was a picture of a woodland glade. "I spent a whole afternoon there under the trees," said my friend, "dreaming and looking and listening. Then when I came home, this poem by Alfred Noyes seemed to say just what I, myself, had been imagining." Here is the poem for you. As we ourselves read it, we thought of *The Adventures of Maya the Bee*, a book about which we have told you on page 32.

And of *Argiope, of the Silver Shield*, Vernon Kellogg's story on page 7. And of Dorothy Dean's "Gloria." And of Rusty, too.

I Wonder if You've ever Dreamed

By ALFRED NOYES

I wonder if you've ever dreamed,
In summer's noonday sleep,
Of what the thyme and heather seemed
To lady birds that creep
Like little shimmering gems
Between the tiny twisted stems
Of fairy forests deep;
And what it looks like as they pass
Through jungles of the golden grass.

If you could suddenly become
As small a thing as they . . .
Oh, then, as through the mighty shades
Of wild thyme woods and violet glades
You groped your forest way,
How fraught each fragrant bough would
be
With dark o'er hanging mystery.

How high the forest aisles would loom,
What wondrous wings would beat
Through gloamings loaded with perfume
In many a rich retreat,
While trees like purple censers bowed
And swung beneath a swooning cloud
Mysteriously sweet.



These wise owls say: "Every girl who hasn't yet subscribed for THE AMERICAN GIRL would better take that 50 cents for 5 months 'Get-Acquainted' offer immediately. See page 2."

A collar that gently hugs the neck and conforms neatly to the slope of the neck into the shoulders.

Shoulders neither too wide nor too narrow—in short, your shoulders.

Sleeve length that covers the wrist of the long armed and *not* the finger tips of the short armed.

A skirt that neither hikes nor dips, but hangs evenly to your figure.

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When You Arrive in Camp

"YES, your patrol has the two tents by the spring. You know from last year. Just ten minutes before lunch. You'll have time to change into your uniform."

The big bus drives up! You are *at camp* again! But you are not truly in camp until you've changed into your camp uniform.

How good it seems to be clad once more, like all your troop mates, in the cool, loose garments that mean comfort and camp fun.

LEFT—The middy, worn with your uniform skirt makes an attractive change of camp costume

BELOW — Bloomers and middy, a happy combination for active outdoor girls, in other words Girl Scouts

Why is Your Uniform Ideal for Camp?

It is *comfortable*. It does not pull or bind you anywhere. It *permits ease of movement*; when wearing a camp uniform, you may walk, climb, jump, squeeze under fences and do all the things that make camp so delightful a place—things you cannot do in dresses.

It is *durable*. The hard flat weave of khaki does not snag or tear easily. It is *practical in color*; it blends with the landscape; it does not show dirt: it washes easily.

It is *official*; it is Scouty. It is *reasonable* in cost.

Prices

Bloomers . . .	10-42	\$2.25	Skirt	10-18	2.00
Middy	10-40	1.75	Skirt	38-42	2.50
Knickers	10-42	2.50			

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GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

189 Lexington Avenue

New York City



